The AMERICAN GIRL

October
1951 · 25¢





Pattern shown above is International Sterling's "Blossom Time" featuring the balanced place setting.

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Copr. 1951, The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.



by MARJORIE CINTA

Free And Easy. By FAIRFAX DOWNEY. *Charles Scribner's Sons, $2.50.* If all your life you had loved and ridden—and even trained—the beautiful horses raised by the wealthy father of a friend, with never a hope of having one of your own, how would you feel if a lovely filly came swimming to you out of the sea? That is what happened to a pretty Irish tomboy, Stella O'Dare, who lived in Rhode Island way back in the early years of the eighteenth century. In those days there grew up in Rhode Island a breed of natural pacers, known as Narragansets, which became famous and much in demand in the Colonies and even in England and Cuba. Stella and the beautiful filly she named Free and Easy loved each other devotedly. But would "finders keepers" hold in the case of a valuable horse? It was not so much the owner as many other powerful forces which seemed bent on separating the girl from the horse she was so lovingly training. Stella would clear one hurdle only to come smack up against another. There was also the problem of Stout Jeffrey, the man unusually strong in body and spirit, who so often came to Stella's aid. Did he return the love Stella came to feel for him, or was he still pining over the beautiful Hannah? Maybe you have never heard of a Narraganset pacer. The interesting material about this extinct breed and the historical background of the story are authentic. Many of the characters, including Stout Jeffrey, Hannah, Blackbeard the pirate, and others, really lived. Here are things readers of this magazine love best in a story—a girl and her horse, romance, adventure, and suspense in a true historical background.

The Steadfast Heart. By MARY WOLFE THOMPSON. *Longmans, Green and Co., $2.50.* "Wards of the State," that is what the young Prices became when their hard-working mother died, and their weak, shiftless father deserted them. Fifteen-year-old Jo loved her family, worried about them, and dreamed of the day when they could have a home together again. Meantime she and Dot, the spoiled baby, must try to adjust themselves to the quiet, undemonstrative Bentleys, who had been selected by the Department of Child Welfare as foster parents, and to life on a farm where there was very little money. There were many problems for earnest, responsible Jo. Would the young people at high school shun her because she was a State ward? What could she do about spending money? Did the Bentleys put up with her and Dot only for their board money? What would she do if she should meet her father walking unsteadily out of the town bar? Was her brother Harry going to follow in her father's footsteps? Would her beautiful and glamor-

(*Continued on page 51*)



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I GROW UP - AND MOW 'EM DOWN!



1. The "passing years" are a problem! I'm growing up and OUT of nearly all my clothes! With the Class Carnival coming up, luring men to the lemonade booth calls for a "come-hither" gown. But alack—and I do mean a LACK—my budget's poverty-stricken!



2. As I drown my woes, a class pal plunks down beside me. (A clothes-hound!) "Got my dress for the Carnival," she beams. (I sigh.) "Have yours yet?" (I grit my teeth.) "Made mine at the SINGER SEWING CENTER—cost next to nothing!" (I get the hint!)



3. Next day after school I tear down to the SINGER SEWING CENTER to enroll. Wonderful? It's unbelievable!! For only $8 I get a terrific course. I learn to sew, cut, and style—and in the *process* I turn out a glamour gown!



4. Comes the Carnival, I wear my SINGER sensation. And the lemonade booth is a booming success, too! I never saw so many thirsty boys in my life! (P.S. My one-and-only has sipped and stared practically all afternoon . . . he says he wants to drink my lemonade *all* the time!)

Have you outgrown your outfits?

Don't sulk just because you're long on limbs and short on cash. With SINGER lessons you can have new clothes for a song! So don't walk—RUN to the nearest SINGER SEWING CENTER and get all the details. (See the phone book for the address of the SINGER SEWING CENTER nearest you.)



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The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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OCTOBER COVER GIRL

Cheryl Archer, our October Cover Girl, is just entering her freshman year at St. Angela's Hall in Brooklyn. Just thirteen, she has always been an honor student and hopes to continue the good work in high school. She needs a "go-everywhere" coat that can be worn to school and on to television auditions, photography appointments, etc., and Bambury Fashion's versatile pyramid of all-wool check is the perfect choice. The convertible petal collar and turnback cuffs of velveteen are up-to-the-minute fashion touches, and the all-wool interlining assures warmth. Subteen sizes 10-14, about $40 at the stores on page 55. Cushion cloche by Capulets. Clear-red lipstick by Peggy Sage. Gloves by Dawnelle.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $2.50 for one year, $4.00 for two years. Foreign and Canadian, $.60 extra a year for postage, $1.20 for two years. Remit by *money order* for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

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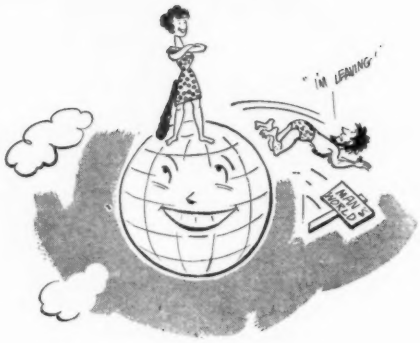
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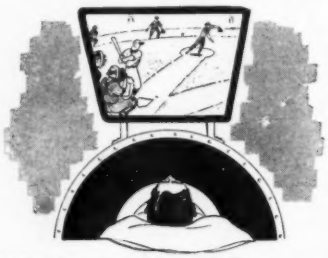


HAVE YOU HEARD ?



In this day and age there's plenty of evidence that the old quip "It's a man's world" is outdated. As added proof, take the 25 women recently honored in Boston's First Assembly of American Women of Achievement. This group of girls-who-made-good represented many fields—sports, industry, entertainment—and included such well-known names as Esther Williams, Faye Emerson, Hattie Carnegie, and Ethel Waters.

Representing science was our own Katharine B. Blodgett, of the General Electric Research Laboratory. It wasn't her first honor for 1951. Earlier this year the American Chemical Society had awarded Dr. Blodgett the highly coveted Garvan medal for outstanding achievement.



A practical joke played by a G-E man on his fellow employees made life brighter for a polio patient at Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester, N. Y.

It all started during the World Series last year. Watching a telecast of the game, employees of the General Electric Supply Corp. were mystified by some strange goings-on. Joe DiMaggio headed for third base after hitting a line drive to the outfield. Base runners scored from first base. A southpaw pitcher threw righthanded.

The group at the television set soon found out why. One of their number had, for a lark, reversed the coil which controls horizontal reception of the televised image. The result was a reverse picture.

The idea proved to be more than a joke when it was applied to the television set in the polio victim's hospital room. The young man had to watch television by means of a mirror attached to the top of his iron lung, which meant that he saw pictures in reverse, and written material couldn't be read. Now, with the television set sending a reverse image to the mirror, he sees things normally on the screen.



It's a little early, of course, to be thinking about marriage and housework. But when the time comes, here are some grim statistics to consider. After one year of married bliss you will have washed 18,000 dirty dishes and spent the equivalent of 10 days over a hot dishpan. After 10 years the stack of dishes mounts to 300,000, representing 175 days of drudgery. After 25 years—well, you can imagine the staggering figures we're getting into.

But the picture isn't nearly so depressing as it appears. You don't have to wash *any* dishes, ever, if you have a General Electric automatic dishwasher. Next to using paper plates, there's no better way of avoiding the dishpan.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

405-24

SORORITY

by ALICE HOGAN
Illustrated by Ted Sizemore

Will she be chosen or left out? It can be the most important question in a girl's life

WHEN she heard her mother pad to the bathroom and back, slamming the door after her, and leaving the light on in the hall, Anne knew that this would be another of her mother's bad days. Sighing, she slipped to her feet and went out into the hall. She snapped off the light and scampered back to bed again for one last comfortable snuggling in the blankets.

The illuminated dial on her bedside clock registered six. She shivered slightly in the cold grayness, thinking how days in winter came alive sullenly, almost threateningly, never blossoming joyously as they did in summer. Then she remembered that she would rather have it winter because of school. Even on her mother's bad days, the tasks at home seemed less arduous because of the six hours when she was in school, the center of a laughing, happy group. And, this week—perhaps even today—the Delta bids would be out, and she would share in all the new, exciting pleasures that junior year and sororities brought.

She remembered what she had heard of the pledging, the initiation, the parties, the *belonging*. For a moment she thought of Evelyn Brown, who lived next door and who didn't expect to make any sorority, let alone Delta. The thought of Evelyn, accepting her own plainness, her unimportance in the high school crowd, with a kind of unrebellious passivity, filled Anne with a transient, yearning sadness because everyone in the world could not be as happy as she. "I will do everything Mother wants me to at home without complaining, dear God," she promised. "Only keep me this happy at school."



"Anne," Miss Baldwin said, fumbling for the right word. "It's wonderful to be young and talented."

Wide-awake now, she let her gaze wander over the faintly lightening room, smiling to see the crisp, white curtains, the white bookcase, the dainty vanity which she had covered with white organdy, loom ghostlike in the winter dawn.

"All that white organdy! Who'll keep it clean, I'd like to know? I'm not able to do up those ruffles," her mother had complained when Anne planned the room.

Anne had kissed her gaily. "I'll keep it clean, Mrs. Carson," she promised. "And it'll be pretty, you'll see."

Hearing a sound now in her father's room, Anne remembered that, half-asleep, she had heard him come in last night, from a business trip to Rochester. Vaguely she recalled hearing her father's deep voice and her mother's light, complaining echo, worrying on and on in a lengthy argument.

It seemed to Anne that the increasing number of pillboxes and bottles of medicine on her mother's bedside table, and the length and frequency of her father's business trips had kept pace with each other, until now he was more like a guest in the house, he was home so seldom.

He must be leaving again this morning. Hastily she crawled out of her nest of blankets, slipped into her slippers and robe. If her father was going off on another business trip, she would have to start breakfast right away.

Her mother's door opened again sharply.

"I'll get the breakfast, Mother," Anne called softly, appeasingly. "You go back to bed."

"I've had a dreadful night," Mrs. Carson said in her high, querulous voice. "When the coffee's done, bring me up a cup. I'm not able to go down for breakfast." She closed her door, then opened it again immediately. "Perhaps you'd better stay home from school today, Anne."

Anne felt her heart race with fear. "Oh, no, Mother, not today," she pleaded. "I stayed home yesterday. Besides, the Delta bids may be out today. I want to be in school when they come out."

Her mother's face softened. "Well, I guess I can manage somehow," she said grudgingly. "I'll have to."

When Anne had delivered the piping-hot coffee with bacon and hot, buttered English muffins to the room upstairs, when she had turned on the radio softly, fluffed up her mother's pillows, and drawn the shades, she sat down to breakfast with her father.

They ate rapidly and with relish, father and daughter, somewhat alike with their light hair, their high color, and their clear blue eyes. They sat at the white table in the shining kitchen, smiling at each other, not saying much, but feeling warm and happy and comfortable.

Daddy's nice, Anne thought, watching him over her glass of milk. Contrasting her father's health and high spirits with her mother's pale semi-invalidism, she could not help feeling guilty and unfaithful at the thought.

Her father glanced up at her. "What are you planning for today, small fry?" he asked. "Something special with the girls?"

"We're going skating after school," she told him. "That is, if Mother's all right."

He looked troubled for a moment. "There's nothing seriously wrong with your mother's health, Anne," he said. "She'll be all right. You have all the fun you can."

"I do have fun, Daddy," she reassured him. "In school. School's wonderful."

"Must be a whale of a lot different from when I was a boy." He grinned, taking a last sip of his coffee before he put his napkin down on the table and pushed back his chair. "I'll drop you off at school if you're ready."

"Anne." Her mother's petulant voice came from upstairs. "Are you coming home right after school?"

"I'll be home by three," she called back. "We're going skating for an hour or two. Martha and Betsy and I."

Her mother's voice sharpened, and the little darting sentences she used flicked across the nerves like a whip. "Don't go skating, Anne. It's not safe. That Phillips boy was drowned last week. Someone's drowned at the pond every year. Anne! Do you hear me, Anne? You'd better not go skating today."

Anne tried to keep her voice calm. "We're going indoors, to the Arena, Mother. You know we never skate at Dawson's until it's safe."

Holding her breath, Anne could hear her mother mumble something, but when there was no further comment from upstairs, she continued happily, "I'll be home in plenty of time to get dinner. Good-by, darling."

When they passed Dawson's Pond on the way to school, she noticed the sign on the wire fence that enclosed it: DANGER—KEEP OUT. It was strange to think of someone's dying there last week. It was strange to think of anyone's dying at all—anyone young. To be cut off forevermore from the marvel of being young and alive and wanted, to face only deepest solitude and darkness. She shivered.

Disturbed, her father regarded her seriously. "Sure you don't do too much about the house, kitten?" he asked. "Perhaps I could get some woman to help you."

Leaning forward, she kissed his rough, hard cheek. "It's all right, Daddy," she said. "I don't mind. Lots of times Mother feels all right. Today is just one of her bad days."

Her father pressed a bill into her hands. "You're a good girl, Anne," he said awkwardly. "You deserve the best. Get yourself a new dress and knock some high school boy's eye out." Then, relieved already, he stopped the car before the high school and let her out, waving cheerfully as he sped away.

In the car she had not noticed how windy the day was. An unfriendly blast blew her hair so that it clung to her cheeks, cut sharply across her eyelids, slashed across her open, laughing mouth.

She began to run toward a group of girls clustered in front of the wide steps. "Hi, kids," she called.

A few of the girls looked around, then glanced quickly away. There was a strange, static quality to the group that confused her for an instant, making her stop while she was still a few feet from them.

Martha, her best friend, turned slowly and faced her. Embarrassment and self-consciousness made Martha's voice artificial and strangely high. "Oh, hello, Anne," she said.

Betsy, never so well poised as Martha, merely smiled nervously and looked away.

No one else said anything. All the other faces were unsmiling, veiled with a kind of studied unawareness. Then, by twos and threes, the girls turned and went up the worn, stone steps until only Anne and Martha remained below.

The smile stiffened on Anne's face. This was the reason neither Martha nor Betsy had called her last night. Stunningly and irrevocably she knew. The Delta bids had come out yesterday and she had not received one. Delta Omega had pledged Martha and Betsy, but they had passed her by. Blindly she started up the steps.

"I—I'm sorry, Anne," Martha stammered, hurrying after her. "I don't know what happened. I—I thought we'd all be in. I never dreamed they'd leave you out."

The halls of the school were filled with excited groups of students. "Martha!" a girl squealed happily. "You made it!" Then she caught sight of Anne. "Oh, hello, Anne," she added awkwardly.

Grimly, Anne made her way to her home room on the third floor. All along the way she could see them, the juniors who had been chosen. Distinguished by their unpainted lips, and wearing odd color combinations in their sweaters and skirts, these girls who were usually bright-lipped and tastefully clad were now set apart by the very drabness of their appearance. Already initiations had begun. These were the pledges; these were the chosen ones. Squealing, chattering, in busy, happy groups, with little ribbons fluttering triumphantly from pins on their shoulders, they were all about her.

Other girls hurried by silently, some with downcast eyes or furtive, envious glances, some flaunting their defiance in painted lips and flaming cheeks. For three full weeks they must endure this searing distinction; with time they could bear it secretly, in stoicism, in bitterness, or in quiet agony; now it must be an open wound for all to see.

When Anne saw the eyes of the girls in her home room fly to her face and then to her shoulder, she faltered for an instant, then she walked steadily enough into the dressing room, ran a comb through her windswept hair, renewed her lipstick at the mirror, and went quietly to her seat. She spoke to Nancy Pendleton across the aisle about her English assignment, but when Nancy answered her, Anne did not hear, for she had noticed the yellow and black ribbons on Nancy's shoulder. She buried her face in her book, but the words swam before her in a dizzy sea of puzzled shock and hurt and remembrance.

It was at recess in early October that Lucille Stevens had given her an invitation to a Delta tea. Lucille, senior class secretary, had handed out the invitations impartially. "Betsy, Anne, Martha," she had said, making no distinction among them that day. "Be sure and come, you kids. A week from Saturday at Marge's."

Anne's mother had been so happy about the tea that she had looked almost pretty that day. "I am so glad you're in with the right girls, dear," she had said. "We'll get you a really pretty outfit for

(Continued on page 43)



Jordis rushed toward the grimy, smoky figure. "Mr. Malone," she cried, "where's Papa?"

"Oh, th

by SKULDA V. BANER

Illustrated by Fred Irvin

THERE! The phone again! Jordis Bok reached across the mountain of bills she was tucking into a mountain of envelopes with name windows on them. During these three smoky, smelly days of forest fire and on-again, off-again electric power, she had come almost to make a game of the business of answering the battery of telephones. Both Miss Liz at the counter and Miss Ethel at the customer ledgers left them for her to answer with the conventional, "Iron Valley Power and Light Company. The men are working on that line. Power will be restored as soon as possible."

Mrs. Schneider, I'll bet! Jordis thought. Those pies for tonight's company. Or it would be Mrs. Cavosie about the roast. Or Mrs. Peterson who couldn't finish her ironing. Or—

"*Not* the phone," Miss Ethel said from over the table-wide stretch of ledger page she was balancing. "The power's on—can't you hear the adding machine? It's Mr. Malone buzzing you, Jordis!"

In a fluster, Jordis found the brand-new shorthand notebook and the banded-together pencils, sharp as pin points. She could imagine what Mr. Woodward, who taught Commercial-A at Luther High, would say about such dawdling. Apprentice stenographers, he had lectured often enough, must be on their toes every instant!

"You rang, Mr. Malone?" Jordis said, breathless from her scramble.

She stood in the doorway of the District Superintendent's office, shaking her dark hair out of her eyes, and wondering if her panicky heartbeat showed through the new blue sweater Mamma had knit for her.

"Oh, come, come, Jordis!" Mr. Malone looked up from the papers on his desk. "Let's practice that classroom formality some day when we're not so busy, h'm? Just now—"

There was the phone again. *His* phone, his special private phone that couldn't be switched on except—as he had instructed her on her first day—for matters of life and death.

Jordis sat and listened, waiting, while he talked. The curt, brisk instructions were like corn, popping. You could hardly believe this was the same Mr. Malone—Jerry Malone!—who lived almost across the street from her home, high on the hill in the big white house with the pillars, and who sometimes even mowed his own wide, green carpet of lawn!

And then suddenly Jordis sat straight in her chair. She wasn't just hearing, now. She was *listening*.

"Yes, John. Get hold of Bok. Tell him the men must be kept out there at least another twenty-four hours. Yes, I know they've had a forty-eight hour stretch of it, and I know the rangers and our men have the fire pretty much under control, but I'm afraid of a change in wind. We have to guard that eighty-eight thousand volt highline from Ladysmith! What's that? The men are tired and grumbling? What's Bok line foreman for, if he can't control his men? So long!"

He all but threw the receiver at the telephone and went back to his letters. But the phone rang again, and this time it was Mr. Olson, out near the lake at the big mine that had to be pumped constantly or it would be flooded out.

"The letters will have to wait, Jordis," Mr. Malone said, not even looking up. "Forest fires don't give a man time to breathe!"

Jordis walked blindly back to her desk. *Bok*—that was Papa! It was Papa whom Mr. Malone had ordered to stay out there for another day, another night; out in the smoke and flames and soot and constant watching—in the danger of a great, wild rush of forest fire that hundreds of fighting men could hardly contain! *Papa!* And just this morning Mamma had looked a little less strained and tired, sure that it was over, sure that tonight Papa would be in his place at the supper table!

Jordis glanced up across the mountain of bills, across Miss Ethel's head bent over her ledgers, toward the private office where Mr. Malone sat, ordering lives and people as if they were marionettes on strings! Her eyes burned at the look of him, tidy and neat and pressed, from his fine white shirt to his gray tweed suit. Not even a lock of his pepper-and-salt hair was moist or rumpled or out of place!

Sometime later, as Jordis was leaving the office, Al Malone came running up to her. "Want a ride home? I have the pickup truck. But maybe you're not the tomboy you used to be, now that you're Pop's private secretary, and you won't deign to ride in a truck."

He was grinning at her, under the brand-new mustache he was trying to grow. At eighteen, Al Malone might have been two years older. Out of her rebellion at his father, she almost said a haughty "No, thank you!"

But after all, it wasn't Al's fault! "Okay," she said. And mounted the high cab, ignoring his hand.

They had just turned the corner within sight of the big, safe, white house, when Al said, "Some fire we have out there, some fire! Smell it, Jordie?"

She brushed a drifting black cinder from her sweater sleeve and her gray eyes snapped at him. "So even *you* have found out there's a forest fire!"

She was ashamed the instant she had said it. As head of the Meter Department, Al was usually where trouble was.

"Oh, I saw it in the papers," he said airily.

That was an unfortunate remark. *Mr. Malone said this. Mr. Malone said that.* You might have thought the newspapers believed Mr. Malone stood right in the middle of the burning north Michigan woods and fought the fire singlehanded!

"Thanks for the ride!" Jordis snapped, hopping out of the truck almost before it stood still. She ran up the flagged walk and around into the kitchen. She saw by Mamma's face that she knew there would be another night without Papa at the head of the table. Small brother Sten came running.

"You bring Papa, Jordie? You bring Papa?"

"Papa has to work," Jordis said. She picked him off the floor and hugged him hard, so Mamma wouldn't see her face—or know that she, Jordis, saw Mamma's.

It was after supper, a supper worse than silent because all of them tried to



"The Dragon Has a Hot Red Tongue"

Jordis saw the forest fire devour trees and animals and exhaust the men who fought it

talk and no one could finish a sentence. Little Sten climbed into Jordis' lap, after the dishes were put away.

"Tell me story?"

"How about the dragon?" Jordis asked. It was Stenie's favorite, as it had been hers, ever since Papa had first sung it to her from out of the great store of stories and songs he had brought to America from his own Swedish childhood, far off in Smaland.

Sten joined her.

O—oh, the dragon he has sharp white teeth
And he would like to bite me!
O—oh, we'll pull the dragon's long, white teeth
And then he can not bite me!

Sten laughed and clapped his hands. "Go on, Jordie! The other one!"

O—oh, the dragon has a hot red tongue —Jordis dutifully began, Sten's small, unsure voice trailing along. And suddenly the picture of it struck her with full force. *Long red tongue! Long hot red tongue!* She thought of Papa, out there where the cauldron hissed and cooked and burned the sky red.

"Bedtime, young man!" Mamma ordered, not seeming to see Jordis' face—yet, Jordis knew.

When Mamma came back down again, Jordis could not keep her mutinous tongue silent.

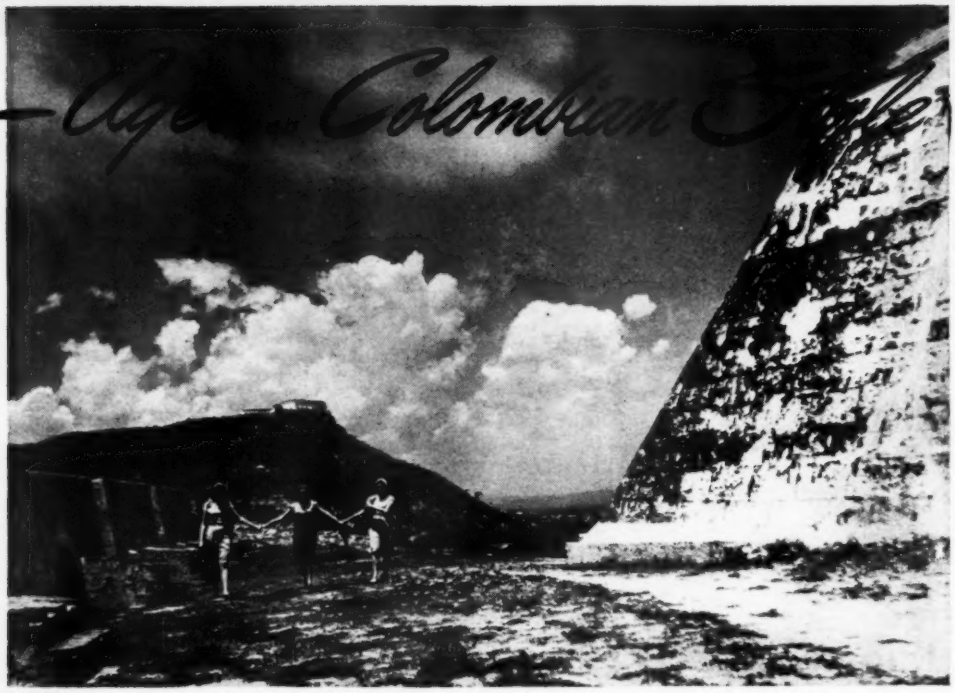
"Why must it be Papa! Mamma, why must it always be Papa, out there in the middle of things? While—Mr. Malone, over there tonight eating off a white-linen tablecloth. Why doesn't Mr. Malone *ever*—?"

Mamma picked up the never-empty darning basket.

"There must be people who know," Mamma said quietly. "And there must be people who *do*. There must be linemen to climb the poles and towers. There must be groundmen to stand below and send up tools to them. There must be a line foreman to tell them what must be done. And—there must be a superintendent who sits at a telephone in an office, and sees further than that one pole or tower or transmission line."

Upstairs in her room, later, Jordis could not sleep. She sat in the pretty ruffled armchair, staring out of the dark, into a glow that was rusted tonight, rather than red and torn with flames as on the last three nights. She could see Papa—the other men, *(Continued on page 30)*

Teen-Age Colombian Style



PAA Photo

These young people go walking through their land of blue skies and magnificent views

WHEN WINTER months bring thoughts of skating and skiing to most American girls, in the Colombian city of Barranquilla, Carmen Serrano and her American friend, Nancy Craig, are splashing about in a swimming pool, or, if it's a week end, in the balmy waves of the Caribbean at the nearby resort of Puerto Colombia.

Of all South American cities Barranquilla is the nearest to the United States. From Miami you can fly there in six hours. The capital of Colombia is Bogota, eight hundred miles to the south, within four degrees of the equator, but eight thousand five hundred feet above sea level in the snow-capped Andes. Unlike Bogota, one of the oldest settlements of the new world, Barranquilla is a new, energetic, sprawling industrial city, which grew out of a little Indian village.

Nancy Craig lives there because her father is one of the large colony of American businessmen. He sells American machinery to the Colombians to use in their oil fields. The fathers of her other friends promote and sell such American products and services as soft drinks, agricultural machinery, electric lights, telephones. Though Carmen is her best friend, Nancy and her younger brothers and sisters have plenty of American friends, too—and they all go to an American school founded by the American colony.

Taxis, modern buses, and up-to-date buildings in downtown sections reminded Nancy of home

PAA Photo



Barranquilla is a strange mixture of new and old. Looking at the beautiful modern suburbs where Nancy and Carmen live, you would never suspect that near the crowded downtown section, you still would find the thatched roofs inherited from the original Indians. Nancy's house is near the American school, the Country Club, and the magnificent new Hotel Del Prado, one of the most famous hotels in all Colombia.

Since the temperature never goes under eighty-five degrees, there isn't a day in the year when a cold shower isn't a pleasure. Few houses have hot-water tanks. Clothes the year round are the cotton dresses you wear in midsummer, with scarves tied over the hair in the windy winter months and sometimes a sweater to put on after swimming. Nancy never uses the warm clothes she brought with her from the States except when she flies up to the cold mountain city of Bogota.

Both girls are up early every day. On the breakfast table the coffee comes from plantations that cover many of the Colombian mountainsides. For fruit—besides oranges and grapefruit, both extra-sweet in this tropical climate—there are bananas, fresh pineapples, red and yellow fleshed papayas, custard apples, mangoes, and passion fruit.

In Carmen's house, the cook and waitress are pretty, curly-haired girls of mixed racial background, who speak only Spanish. In Nancy's house, the two maids are the same mixture of races but besides speaking Spanish, they also speak a soft, musical English with a British accent, because they were born on the Colombian island of San Andres which was formerly a British possession.

Carmen is surprised to learn that Nancy and her mother did all their own housework and cooking before they came to Colombia—even more surprised to hear that Nancy actually loves to cook! In Carmen's home there have always been two maids, like the present Maria and Alicia. Maria and Alicia can read and write, and they keep up with the news in the local paper; but they both left school after the free education of the primary grades. Like most of their





Far left: **Fountains, a profusion of flowers, a cool fern grotto make the patio of Carmen's home a delightful place to spend a quiet hour. Nancy and Carmen come here for talks about the future**

Left: **Swimming is the most popular outdoor sport in Barranquilla, since the weather is balmy throughout the year. Here is one of several lovely pools where young Colombians often come to swim**

by ELEANOR HOFFMANN

Mountains and tropical beaches, modern homes and thatched huts, make Colombia a land of contrasts where Carmen and Nancy find life exciting





Above: **A visit to a native market place is an adventure for Nancy. Almost anything can be bought here—from a live chicken to smart shoes and new clothes**

Left: **Colombia has some new buildings of handsome design like this "dime store" where the girls stop to look over the eye-catching articles on display**

friends, they married very young—Maria at fourteen, Alicia at thirteen. Maria's two children live with her at Carmen's house and are loved and petted by the family. When Maria has time off she goes home to her husband who works on the docks and lives in a small thatched hut on the outskirts of the city.

The good things of Colombian cooking are quickly adopted by Nancy and her American friends: rice and fresh coconut; the *empanadas* or two-inch hot meat tarts for parties; the crisp fried platanos chips (from a kind of coarse banana); the yuca balls made of yuca flour; the sweets of panela (brown sugar) and milk; and the delicious but rubbery guava paste. Into Carmen's house have crept many American favorites such as Coke, ginger ale, American apples, tinned meats, jams, and soups.

The American school to which Carmen and Nancy go is the Karl Parrish School. More than half of the 170 students are Colombians, yet all the classes are conducted in English. English is the second language throughout Colombia, and parents who do not speak it themselves are eager to have their children learn it. For the Americans, there are, of course, daily Spanish lessons. (The ambitious Americans who want to learn quickly how to speak Spanish, also talk it with their friends and listen to Spanish news broadcasts on the radio.) Except for the difference in languages, all the boys and girls study just about the same subjects as you do. In the current-events class, the airmail edition of the "New York Times" and the Latin-American edition of "Time Magazine" are carefully studied.

At present, the school starts with a kindergarten class and ends with the eighth grade. Perhaps some day, if Barranquilla continues to grow at its present rate, the Karl Parrish School will extend through high school. While the boys and girls of both countries are becoming friends in their classes, their parents also are getting to know each other in parent-teacher meetings which are conducted in both languages—English first, then a translation into Spanish.

Though there is no Girl Scout organization in Barranquilla, THE AMERICAN GIRL, subscribed to by the school, is eagerly awaited each month. "Seventeen" is also a favorite among both American and Colombian girls. Not only in Barranquilla, but in all major Colombian cities, newsstands and bookstores display many North American magazines and paper-bound book reprints, including both classical and modern literature.

Carmen goes to the Karl Parrish School mainly because she wants to learn English; however, another reason for choosing it is that there are not enough good Colombian schools for the growing population. Barranquilla has grown much too fast to have its school system catch up with its industrial growth. In fact, the entire country is short of schools. The income of Colombia, which comes chiefly from coffee, is not enough to educate by modern standards the immense population.

Besides the Karl Parrish School, there is the *Collegio Americano*, a Presbyterian Mission school, attended mostly by Colombian girls. (The Spanish *collegio* is more like a preparatory school than an American college.) This *Collegio Americano* takes girls through high school and prepares many of them for jobs. There are also Catholic convents, but not nearly enough for all the new generation longing for an education in a new city that hasn't the *(Continued on page 52)*



Be Wise—Budgetize

by **RUTH BAKER BOWMAN**

Drawings by Irv Koons

LATE-AGAIN Louise never gets anywhere on time. Did you ever see the day when Barbara didn't moan, "I'm just swamped with homework!" Join-everything Jane rushes from one activity to another with scarcely a pause for breath. And here's Lend-me-a-quarter Kate, who can't make her allowance stretch to cover both fun and fundamentals.

How many of these girls do you know? Perhaps like these girls, you don't have enough time to do everything you want to do, or money enough to buy the things you want and need. Because you can't hold back the clock to make more hours in the day, or control prices, you may feel baffled and annoyed. But there *can* be help for your predicament in budgets for your money and time.

Don't panic at that word. Budgets needn't be elaborate strait jackets, the end to carefree fun. Instead, make yours simple, liveable plans so that your hours and minutes, dollars and cents serve you best, assuring you those things you value highest.

When it comes to money budgets, naturally there are all degrees—from Uncle Sam's, manned by a huge staff of experts, to Junior's weekly twenty-five cents, dispensed without benefit of bookkeeping. If you've good money sense, plus strong self-discipline, perhaps you, too, can manage your funds without props. In any case, you can't even begin budgeting until you know how far your money must go.

This may call for a family conference. If you get an allowance, for example, arrive at a clear understanding of what it's to cover. Everything from prom dresses and dentist bills on down? Or perhaps just malteds and school supplies? Find out whether your parents expect you to deposit money received as gifts at Christmas or birthdays into a special savings account, such as a camp fund. Perhaps your family exchequer calls for your stepping into a part-time job to cover costs of your own activities, or even to make a contribution to the family purse. Whatever the particular details, get them straight with your father and mother at the start. And don't feel abused if your friend Jane has charge accounts all over town; leave her frankly gasping at the satisfaction and fun of life on your budget!



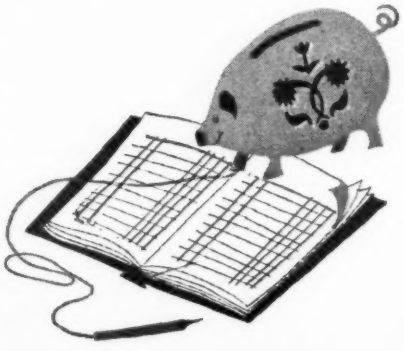
Once you know where you stand with your family—the economic unit to which you belong—you can divide your running expenses roughly into *savings, fixed expenses,* and *flexible* ones. The *fixed expenses*—class dues, church contributions, carfares and such—are the necessities that must be accounted for first. *Flexibles* include the frills of your life: movies, filmy nylons, hobby money. How much to allot to each division? The wisest economist cannot tell you offhand how to spend your money and how much you can put into savings; for the answer depends on your individual needs and personal tastes, factors that make every budget a tailor-made affair.

One easy starting stunt is to record every cent you spend for one typical week. You needn't be drab about it. Get a ten-cent notebook, small enough to slide into your bag or coat pocket; paste gay paper or cloth on the covers, if you like, and tie a pencil to the binding. At bedtime each night you can add the entries, matching the total against the cash left in your hand. At the week's end, break down your grand total into expense categories such as clothes, hobbies, entertainment, gifts. Now you can assign a full page in your little book to each category, recording payments under the proper label. After analyzing the first week's costs, why not chalk up your ideal expenditure on each page, and see how well the grim realities of the second week's spending match?

As you continue to keep even simple records, they'll soon light up the leaks in your purse. Is a passion for faddy accessories rocking the boat, or too many overdue library books, or a tricky hairdo that calls for professional setting? Analyze, check, save a little here, do better next week, analyze again—until your budget works for you!

If you're an experienced bookkeeper, carry on in style with a double-entry set-up if you want. Or try dividing a month's spending money into weekly allotments, or rationing it by categories. Use budget envelopes, antique salt dishes, or empty peanut-butter jars, labeled in nail polish, for money holders. Try different ways until you find the pleasantest, most vivid way for you. And once you find it, stick with it. If you follow the gang into the music store and come out, quite unexpectedly, with a dreamy recording, get up early and walk to school until you've paid yourself back in bus fare. Maybe the record was worth it all, or maybe you learned your lesson the hard way. At any rate, don't go running to Mother, and—except in a serious emergency—don't beg or borrow from your savings department.

What? No room for *savings* in your budget? Try tucking just ten cents out of every spending dollar into the pig bank, and fining yourself a penny or a nickel for such offenses as an unmade bed, lateness, or angry words. As you know, one dollar will open an account in your name at the local savings institution. After that, watch the dividends begin to fatten your little fund. Some banks will lend you a small bank for saving coins at home, practical for the easily tempted since the teller keeps the key. Actually the savings category is the best way to make a small budget do big things: a new rug for your room, perhaps; the difference between a mediocre winter coat and the one you really want; the savings stamps and bonds that may mean college and travel in the years to come.



Do you feel as if there weren't enough of you to go around these days? Never get your homework really finished? Leave your room in a continual uproar? Then a budget for your time is indicated! This, too, first calls for a clear understanding with your family as to exactly what is your fair share of jobs around the house, when and how they should be done. Talking things over can make for harmonious adjustments—you agree to pick up your brother's room on Saturday mornings when he goes to lifesaving, and he takes over your dish-washing stint on your baby-sitting evening.



Second, sit down and make a complete list of your school activities, clubs, hobbies and recreation, volunteer work, and whatever else consumes your time. Staggeringly long? No wonder you're too rushed to get anything right, including the right amount of sleep. Next, with a firm hand, cross out all the items that honestly mean least to you. Why should you tag along to the Friday-night movies with Shirley, for instance, just because she adores anything from Hollywood, Grade A or not. Haven't you really lost interest in the little neighborhood social club since Bob moved away? There will be such obvious cross-outs on your list, and some that come harder, but keep at it until only necessary and important-to-you things remain. This may involve some tactful little notes of resignation, and a few hurt friends—but your *best* friends will understand your steps, and cheer or fall into line beside you. After that you won't find it hard to say a firm, gracious "no" to future demands.



For an accurate picture of your activities, you may find it helpful to hang a decorative program over the desk, with a duplicate on the family bulletin board. Allowing a square for every waking hour, block in school and homework time in red; home-chore time in blue; hospital volunteer work in green perhaps; and so on. Make sure that your chart shows time for work, fun with friends, a hobby, and outdoor exercise—all important ingredients of a well-balanced life.

If it still sounds like a huge order to accomplish the things you want to do and must, greater efficiency may create precious time for a few of them. In household chores and other work you can often knock off whole minutes by remembering the discoveries of the time-and-motion experts: convenience and comfort increase speed and lessen fatigue. For example, is the dishpan at the right height for you; are cooking utensils placed near stove or sink? For ironing, do you take time to arrange the lighting properly? In cleaning your room do you assemble all your tools and supplies at once, eliminating trips back to the source of supply? Train your left hand to help with dusting and other jobs; develop working to music if you enjoy it. Let dishes rack-dry if your mother approves, and read up on the scientific methods of speedy but acceptable bedmaking. At the library you'll find many fine books and pamphlets on home management and time-and-motion studies which may revolutionize your way of life.

But it won't take a home economist to help you arrange your closet and bureau so that most-used items are quickly available, or to remind you that responding promptly to the morning alarm clock can mean the extra moments that spell the difference between calm and chaos, full of time-consuming calamities. Forgetfulness can mean wasted time, too. Write yourself notes, tie a string around your finger, or think up new tricks of your own to save your heels and minutes.

What about homework production—can that be stepped up? Analyze the conditions under which you work, with an objective eye. Are ventilation and lighting proper? Do you show you mean it when you hang the "don't disturb" sign on your doorknob, or do you keep popping out to see what's going on? As to methods, do you outline the important points in the assignment, answer the questions at the end of each chapter of reading, carry vocabulary lists on file cards in your purse to pick up at odd moments? Some students find it best to start with their worst subject, putting it safely behind them early, while others prefer to breeze through the favorites first, building up a momentum for the hardest. If your homework is chronically in a desperate state, best carry the symptoms to your faculty adviser.

How about putting your mind on a budget? If this sounds strange to you, take a few minutes to figure out how much time you waste by daydreaming, for instance, or letting half-formed, never-finished ideas and plans drift through your mind. Do you gaze out of the window or doodle instead of really concentrating on that algebra problem? Actually, what on earth did you think about while you dawdled over the dishes which you could have finished in jigtime if you had made the effort with your mind as well as with your hands.

Training yourself to think through a problem quickly and then make a decision about it is a habit that will prove of value for a lifetime. How long did it take you to decide what to write about for that English composition? How much time did you fritter away while you seesawed between buying the brown oxfords that went well with everything in your wardrobe, and the suède sling-backs that were strictly for dress?

Careful thought and planning will point out the proper solution to your problems. Once you definitely decide on something, don't be a Variable Vera and change your mind again.

Budgeting your money and time can be as much fun as a game if you approach it right, and in case of a real emergency, you'll be glad to have your affairs in such good order. Then, if you're asked to step into a crucial job in your community, your training in speedy, efficient methods—along with your ability to put first things first—will serve well. As for money matters, whether you wind up at a corporation vice-president's desk or in a house-wife's apron, your money-management experience will pay off handsomely. Meanwhile, your careful spending and saving contributes to the soundness of this country's huge economic system—and, in turn, to the welfare of the world.

THE END





Mike clung, frozen, to the ladder and Gail stood in the darkness, goose-pimply all over

THE STORY SO FAR

For years no one had dared set foot on Wes Slater's land. Then Wes fell ill and his doctor ordered him to spend the winter in California. No wonder the juniors were amazed when, in return for caring for his beloved turkey, Nero, during his absence, he told Gail McCune that the class might skate on his lake and use his boathouse for a canteen. But he made it clear that he would hold the juniors responsible if so much as a fishhook were lost, or a single cake of ice cut from the lake. The cleanup committee had only started to work when they began to suspect that strange men were lurking around Wes' boathouse.

CONCLUSION

IN THE NEXT twenty minutes Gail and her three friends made several startling discoveries. There was enough headroom under the part of the boathouse which jutted out over the lake so that they could move along on their feet, if they bent down low. They had to strike matches for light, shielding the brief flames lest the man, whom they had seen escaping, should turn back and see the light. They took turns keeping guard.

The ice under the boathouse was humped in some spots. In others it was very thin. Plainly, someone had chopped holes, and the water had frozen again.

"Do you suppose the man fishes here?" Gail whispered. But that seemed ridiculous, so close to shore.

"Look!" Dick's low voice sounded excited.

He was pushing upon a certain spot in the floor above with his head, and the boards moved. It proved to be a trap door through which Gail and the others climbed up into the icehouse.

"Maybe he's selling Wes' ice," Trudy hazarded.

"And Wes will hold us responsible!" Gail reminded them.

Dick carefully closed the trap door, saying that they would leave through the regular door to which he had the key. He unlocked that door and looked out for a moment to make sure there was no one near. Then he closed the door and the exploration began.

The Boathouse Mystery



by CHESLEY KAHMANN

Illustrations by Nina Albright

It was Bill who looked under the big canvas on the back wall.

"A door!" he said. "And it's padlocked!"

Since neither key Wes had given them would open the lock, they deduced it must belong to the strange man. If it had been Wes', he certainly would have mentioned it in his orders of what must not be touched.

"We can't break the door down," Gail said. "So we're stymied."

They had been striking matches, one after another, the spurts of flame showing four serious faces. Dick, Gail noticed, was staring thoughtfully up at the ceiling.

"We can get into the room behind that padlocked door," Dick said finally, "and this is how."

On the floor above the icehouse and the locked room was the upstairs room where the juniors intended to have their canteen. The padlocked room was beneath the east end where the coal was heaped. Dick's idea was to saw across two or three boards in the floor and take them up.

"And then we can look down and see what's behind the padlock," he said.

They debated whether or not they ought to cut into Wes' floor, and finally decided that if they discovered anything wrong, Wes would thank them, and if they did not, they could take up a collection and pay a carpenter to fix the floor.

"We can't do it now," Dick said. "It's late and we all have to get home for dinner, but we'll come back tonight with plenty of flashlights."

Soon they were headed home through the woods, talking only in whispers. They decided not to alarm their families until they had something concrete to report. They would merely say they were going to spend the evening at the boathouse. The girls thought they would have no difficulty about permission since Dick and Bill were boys in whom their parents had every confidence.

The boys thought it wise to round up as reinforcements Joe Kinney and a couple of other boys who could be trusted not to spread the news. As soon after dinner as they could, they planned to meet at the end of Maple Street.

Reaching home, Gail went into the tent to see how Nero was. Well, bless Mike's heart! Somewhere he had secured a sawhorse for Nero to roost on. The turkey was comfortably settled for the night. Gail stroked his feathers and he clucked softly.

As soon as she entered the house, Gail knew that something was wrong. Her parents and Mike were in the kitchen.

"I am *not* a veterinarian!" her father was saying with the emphasis of exasperation. "I don't appreciate attending all the animals in the neighborhood."

"Is the cat worse?" Gail asked anxiously.

"The cat!" said Mike. "Boy, oh boy! Have things happened!"

The story came in spurts. Nero had run screeching toward every patient who had come to consult Dr. McCune during office hours. He had chased the newspaper boy; a delivery boy, frightened by the huge creature, had spilled groceries all over the front yard.

"If they'd just spoken to Nero!" Mike said, plainly on Nero's side. "But they didn't."

"That's what drove him crazy."

"We can't expect everybody who comes to the house to carry on a conversation with a turkey!" Dr. McCune said.

But the worst, Gail discovered, was Dick's dog, Toby, as docile a cocker spaniel as she had ever known. Toby had come into the yard, as was his habit, only to be attacked by Nero.

"If he hadn't *sneaked* into the yard," Mike said, "it wouldn't have happened, probably."

"*What* happened?" Gail asked. "Tell me!"

"It's mostly his ears," said Mike. "Nero wouldn't let go."

"He's not—hurt *much*, is he?" Gail asked weakly. Dick thought almost more of Toby than he did of his family.

"I carried him home," Dr. McCune said. "I did what I could for him, and I hope he'll pull through. But he's a mess."

Gail suddenly felt so wobbly in the knees that it seemed she could not stand up. Dick's dog. And her turkey had done it!

Mrs. McCune had been mashing potatoes and moving about busily. Now she said, "Gail, it could have happened to Mike. Or any of those children."

If she had felt weak in the knees before, Gail felt worse now.

"I'm—going to see Toby," she said, and burst out the back door.

She crossed the street and rang the Hustons' doorbell. Mrs. Huston admitted her to the house which now had a portentous hush about it.

Toby was in the kitchen, lying upon Dick's maroon sweater. He was looking up at Mr. Huston and Dick with one big, imploring eye. The other eye was swollen shut. His ears were covered with gray salve; one leg was bandaged.

"I'm—getting rid of the turkey," Gail began. "I'm—you don't know how sorry I am."

Mr. and Mrs. Huston seemed to appreciate her desire to make amends. Dick, intent on Toby, paid no attention to her.

In a few minutes Gail left, crossing the street slowly. Just when she had thought Dick was a little interested in her, to have this happen! She could understand Dick's feelings, of course. Toby was a good, peaceful dog and everyone liked him. He was used to visiting all the neighborhood yards, welcome even in the houses, and he knew it. When he had pattered into her yard, he certainly had not suspected that anything had changed his status.

But Dick was not being fair. It wasn't her fault. Or was it? She had been impetuous and foolish to have fallen in love with Nero and to have brought him home without considering the whole picture.

She liked Nero more than anybody knew. But she realized now that he did not fit into her family's scheme of living, to say nothing of her neighbors'. And when she thought of poor Toby, she felt sick all over. Sick, also, because of the thought that it might have happened to Mike or one of the other children.

"I'll get rid of the turkey, of course," she announced, when she reached home. But how? Who would have him? Certainly no one in town.

During dinner, her father and mother tried to think of *(Continued on page 55)*

by YOU

Here is your own department in the magazine. Watch for the announcements each month and send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, and drawings

Homesickness

First Poetry Award

The sky grows rosy-red.

A rooster crows and far away a dog barks.

Footsteps sound in the next room. A door creaks and the footsteps descend the stairs.

Stove lids clank. The grate rumbles as someone shakes it. Coal bumps down the scuttle.

A door slams. The pump squeals. Water splashes and pails rattle.

Footsteps are busy in the kitchen. The pans rattle and bang.

The steps cross the porch. A gate creaks and slams.

Someone calls. "Here, chickies!" and beats on the bottom of the bucket.

The smell of coffee and bacon begins to drift upstairs.

I open my eyes.

Looking out of my window, I see rooftops against the sky. The traffic roars in the streets below,

And, oh, what I'd give to be home again!

JOAN PIERCE CHIPMAN
(age 16) Beaufort, North Carolina

My Book

First Nonfiction Award

A small boy hesitantly opens the bulky door of the Public Library. He falters a moment in the shadow the door offers, uncertainty on his face, almost as if he thinks someone will deny him the right to enter.

Then he takes a deep breath and walks across the room to a corner where he sees children his own age reading and looking at books. He is such a small slip of a boy that no one notices him.

This small boy has a name. It is an odd name, one that we Americans find hard to pronounce. We cannot tell if it is Latvian, Lithuanian, or perhaps Austrian, Estonian.

If you knew this small boy better, you would find that even before he tells you his name he says, "I am a D. P." It is almost as if he is daring you to become his friend. He is really a nice boy once you get to know him, though.

He stands now in front of the shelves of books, his face a study. He is looking at the other people to see what they are doing. They are reading the titles on the book jackets, but this small boy cannot read English yet, so he looks at the pictures on the book covers. He stands, his hands in his pockets, his freckled face a serious study as he looks at the pictures on the books.

There is a picture on this book of an elephant and a boy with an odd-looking animal (probably a seal). The book has large block letters, printing that we would think silly for a boy his age to be reading. But he is interested in his find and wants to take it home. His father and an older brother are teaching him English. They will help him to read his odd American book.

He wonders how he will take his book home, when he sees other people taking their books to a lady behind a large desk in the middle of the room. He decides he will do this, too.

He walks over to the lady and hands her his book. For a minute she stares at his foreign clothes and haircut. Then she asks for his card.

"My card," he says in such faltering English that it draws a giggle from the boy behind him in line. "I have no card, only a book."

The librarian explains. He must sign a card, then they put a number on the card and file it along with the titles of the books that he takes out. This way they know who takes out their books.

The small boy nods, puzzled. "Now may I take my book home?" he asks. "Yes," the librarian answers, "but be sure to bring it back in two weeks."

The small boy nods again and walks out the door tightly clutching his American book. His funny, funny American book.

SIGRID LARSEN *(age 12) Northfield, Minnesota*

A Matter of Agreement

First Fiction Award

I sat in the school lunch room with a sandwich in one hand and a pencil in the other, looking disgustedly at my physiology book. "Claire," I said, "what's the answer to this? What are the three main ways in which the body fights infection and which of these . . . "

"Please don't talk of such earthly matters," said a friend of Claire's who had just sat down across the table from us.

"What?" I said.

"I am soulful," said the girl. "I write poetry."

"She just saw the new teacher," Claire told me.

"I write poetry," she repeated in a far-off voice, "and *He* likes it. *He* said that when it's published *He* wants an autographed copy." She stared into space again. When she looked back she handed us some of her poems.

Claire read one and, being literary, sighed. "I wish that I could be soulful," she said, nibbling the last of her lunch.

"I will someday go far off," said her friend, "and live in an attic."

"With only north light," supplied Claire dreamily.

"And no heat," said the girl.

"Ten flights up," said Claire as I roared with laughter.

"Please try to be soulful," she said as I laughed again. "Maybe you could write poetry like this:

'Out of the window, late at night,
'I see the people walking slowly home.
'I wish that I could join them,
'So that I too might go walking, walking, walking.



First Art Award BETTY LEE DAVIS *(age 13) Salem, New Jersey*



Art Award

LENORE McGEE
(age 14) Wilmington, Delaware

'Hoping to find a friend in the dark, wet streets.' "

Claire slowly repeated the poem twice and sighed. "How beautiful! How soulful!"

"There *He* is," said the girl as a man walked in.

I took one look and stared into space. "I feel soulful," I said.

ANNE LOUISE NICHOLS
(age 13) Anderson, Indiana

Sayle

Nonfiction Award

In the southeastern corner of Montana is located the most important town in the U. S. A. It contains a post office, gas station, candy counter, and four families living in a triangle about three miles apart. Washington never slept there, Truman never talked there. It is just a quiet village with cows and horses peacefully grazing about.

Modern conveniences are scarce things. There are no phones or movies, and each family supplies its own water and electricity. For entertainment there are dances, ball games, horseback riding, and 4-H work. The closest grade school is thirteen miles away and the closest high school is sixty-five miles.

In this community everyone knows and helps his neighbor. For example, no one ever brands alone. Generally in the spring there is a big community branding.

The only reason for this town to become famous would be that Nature worked overtime here making hills, pine trees, rocks, wild flowers, and last but not least—sagebrush.

It is still the most important town in the United States of America because it is Sayle, Montana, my home town!

CAROLYN KUEFFER *(age 14) Sayle, Montana*

How the Sun Rose

Poetry Award

She raised one golden, slender arm
To push aside her purple quilt.
She stretched until her toe peeped out
And her hair across her pillow spilt.

She turned and smiled at the earth
Maternally, sat up with ease
And extended one angelic toe
To touch the dew-washed rug of trees.

FRANCES ANN WILSON
(age 17) Williamston, Michigan

The Drip

Fiction Award

I tried for six months to help her but never accomplished a thing. When I first met her it was all brash tactics, down to the point.

"Honey, cut your hair. If you'd even bother to pick up a newspaper or a fashion magazine you'd note hair is not only shorter it's *short*."

She never bothered, that was the trouble. I had read all the "Vogue" facsimiles by the fifteenth of every month, yet I had never known her to glance at one. Oh, yes once. She'd let out a soft giggle and pointed to the magazine rack. I followed her gaze to a blond model with the now famous doe-eyed look. I groaned inwardly, but by now I was more cautious.

"Well, no, that isn't for her I'll admit. But you're Spanish-looking already, Barbara," I said as though I'd been struck with a sudden inspiration. "You know I'll bet . . . "

She was on the other side of the drugstore and I was talking to a rather startled soda jerk who wisecracked he wasn't Barbara but it was a nice name anyway. She never meant to be rude. She was just like that.

After almost a half semester of this I became discouraged and considered giving her the brush-off. I wasn't too popular myself, and you know what a grind can do to your wings. That's exactly what she'd turned out to be, despite all my efforts. While she never missed the honor roll, I never made it. It wasn't that I couldn't, but it just wasn't the thing around school to be brainy. Little things like that can hurt a lot.

However, I never did drop her. We just kept drifting along together, me planning all the time how I could do it subtly so nobody would think I was a snob.

Right after vacation started we both had an exciting week end. Her Saturday, me Friday, and with the same boy, a terrific senior. I couldn't ever understand why he asked her out with the long, dull hair and brown eyes that could have been accented with a little make-up. She was neat, all right, but in such a quiet, unnoticeable way. I prided myself on doing everything just right that Friday. We had a perfect evening, a wonderful time. I waited for his call, but it never came.

Yesterday she got his bracelet, and I can't understand. She didn't listen to me, yet there she is. I must have misjudged him. He must have been a drip, too.

SHELLEY GOODMAN *(age 16) Dallas, Texas*

The Night

Nonfiction Award

The night was still, too still for October, too still for any night. I lay in bed looking out the window, looking at the stillness. The stars and a few feathery trees were all that could be seen outlined against the black-velvet sky. It seemed as though I could reach out and touch it. It would be soft, smooth, like the feet of a small dog.

I could already begin to feel the stillness, but it wasn't soft. It was hard, stiff, cold. I could feel it closing in on me, tight, stifling.

I pulled the blanket up to my neck, as if to shield myself, and I turned my head. There was enough light in my room, probably from the streetlight on the corner, to distinguish shapes. No, not really shapes, more like bulky, immovable shadows. The big one must be the dresser and the—

A series of long shadows, like slender fingers, crept across the ceiling. Slowly, a little faster! Now they slid down the wall and disappeared.

I gasped, horrified. I sat up and reached for the light switch. The room was suddenly flooded with brightness. I hugged my knees to my chest, then I laughed. A car must have turned the corner, the headlights causing the "creeping fingers." I flicked off the lights and lay quietly thinking about the shadows, the sky, stars, the stillness. Stillness—it was crowding around me again. Not as hard this time, more pliable, but closing all around me. I shut my eyes. The quiet seemed to be drowning me. Deeper, deeper, deeper! But it wasn't quiet, stillness, shadows! It was—sleep.

MAXINE WILSON *(age 14) Eau Claire, Wisconsin*

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Margaret Anne Bradbury *(age 13) Warwick, R. I.* Betsy Clements *(age 14) Chicago, Ill.*

POETRY: Janet Cullum *(age 14) Valley Stream, N. Y.* Virginia Kay Beury *(age 13) Gordon, Pa.*

FICTION: Sandy Hathaway *(age 13) Flossmoor, Ill.* Elinor J. Newcorn *(age 13) Plainfield, N. J.*

NONFICTION: Linda Lou Sorenson *(age 13) Bellwood, Nebr.* Mary Grace Smith *(age 15) San Luis Obispo, Calif.*

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 53 FOR DETAILS ABOUT "BY YOU"



Art Award

WILMA SPAINHOUR
(age 17)
Canton, Illinois



READY-MIXES

Prepared mixes are the cook's friend in need—and you will find these recipes good, easy to make, quick, and economical

by JUDITH MILLER

THERE'S NOTHING like being able to reach for some ready-mixed cooky dough when you've extended a spur-of-the-moment invitation to the gang to drop in after a game. It's wonderful, too, when unexpected company stays for dinner, to be able to whip up a luscious dessert in no time at all, with the help of one of the excellent prepared mixes waiting on the emergency shelf for just such an occasion.

For this month, readers of the Recipe Exchange have sent in ready-mix recipes that range from a variation of Baked Alaska to oatmeal cookies. All are delicious; all are quickly and easily prepared. There is such a wide and interesting variety that the chances are you'll want to try every one of them! And as new and different kinds of prepared mixes make their appearance in the markets, you will want to experiment with them, and work out more good recipes of your very own.

When using any of the prepared mixes, always be careful to follow the directions given on the package. And be sure, when you use less than the full package of mix, to reduce proportionately the amount of liquid used. If you will keep this in mind, you'll find that you are practically certain of success every time.

The January Recipe Exchange is now open, and the topic is Party Refreshments. The recipes may be for food or drink—just so it's party fare. Food can be hot or cold dishes; sandwiches; party snacks; desserts. Drinks can be hot or cold. So if you have an interesting or unusual recipe, or one that lends a new twist to an old favorite, try it out to make sure you have it exactly right. Then send it on to us, to share with other AMERICAN GIRL readers. For each recipe printed in the magazine, we pay $1.00. See page 40 for details.

SURPRISE PUDDING

This pudding *does* pack a surprise. The syrup slips to the bottom and the cake rises light and fluffy to the top. It's rich, so go easy on the whipped cream.

- 1 package spice-cake mix
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 cups warm water

Prepare mix according to package directions, and turn into greased, shallow cake tin. Combine brown sugar and water in saucepan and stir until sugar is dissolved. Bring to a rolling boil and continue boiling 3 minutes, stirring frequently. Pour hot syrup over cake batter. Bake 30 minutes at 375°. Cool, and serve from pan, topping each portion with some of the sauce. For an extra touch, add a spoonful of whipped cream.

Sent by BETTY ANN WAIGHT,
Covina, California

SPICED PINEAPPLE AND NUT MUFFINS

Appetites will perk up when the family sniffs these spicy muffins baking. Fine for Sunday brunch—or any time.

- 1 package hot-muffin mix
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon ground cloves
- ¾ cup milk
- ⅓ cup chopped walnuts
- ⅓ cup crushed pineapple, drained

Combine muffin mix and spices, mixing well. Fold in milk slowly—do not beat. The batter should be rather lumpy. Very gently fold in walnuts and pineapple. Fill well-greased muffin tins ⅓ to ⅔ full and bake 20 to 25 minutes at 400°, or until muffins are evenly browned.

Sent by PATTY JOHNDREW,
Silver Spring, Maryland

UPSIDE-DOWN CUPCAKES

This is a simple way to turn out an attractive dessert in a hurry. For a variation, use apricots or other fruits.

- 6 teaspoons butter
- 6 peach halves, drained, or
- 12 tablespoons crushed pineapple, drained
- 12 teaspoons brown sugar
- 1 cup white-cake mix
- ⅓ cup milk

Grease 6 cupcake tins. In each put 1 teaspoon butter, 1 peach half or 2 tablespoons pineapple, and 2 teaspoons brown sugar. Add milk to cake mix and beat until smooth. Pour batter over fruit in cupcake tins, filling ⅔ full, and bake at 375° for 20 to 25 minutes. Cool slightly before removing from tins. Serve upside down, and garnish with whipped cream if desired.

Sent by CHARLENE HAWKINS,
McAlester, Oklahoma

STRAWBERRY-FESTIVAL DESSERT

The secret of success in making this first cousin to Baked Alaska is to have the cake and berries completely sealed with meringue before baking.

- 1 package white-cake mix
- 1 pint brick hard-frozen strawberries

Meringue:

- 3 egg whites
- ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
- ⅓ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- ½ teaspoon lemon juice

Prepare cake mix according to package directions. Bake at 350° in 8″-square cake pan 35 to 45 minutes. Cool in pan, then remove and place right side up on an ovenproof dish, or a wooden board covered with heavy paper.

To make meringue, beat egg whites until foamy. Add cream of tartar and continue beating *(Continued on page 38)*



PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM BENEDICT MIRROR BY HIRSCH MIRROR CO. JEWELRY BY CORO

Prize Purchase

Sandra Lee adds the richness of velveteen to a crisp taffeta dress. Stand-away skirt may be worn back-to-front and paired with favorite velveteen blouses. Teen sizes 10-16, about $11 at stores on page 55



Left: Teena Paige places a single rhinestone clip on the shawl collar of an iridescent taffeta dress with crinoline-padded hips. Teen sizes 10-16, about $13 at Burdine's, Miami; Foley's, Houston. Semiteen's striped taffeta dress has a rhinestone button front, an apron-effect skirt, and a small pointed collar. Subteen sizes 8-14, it's about $9 at Stern's Bros., New York and Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh

Below: Crisp taffeta dress by Paramount has delicate lattice work around yoke and down the pockets. Short sleeves are draped and tied, collar is small and round. In subteen sizes 8-14, about $9 at Goldsmith's, Memphis

Opposite page: Teen-Type moire taffeta by Ellen Hewitt has crinoline at hips for extra fullness. A satin band circles the hem. Teen sizes 10-16, about $18. G. Fox, Hartford; Lord & Taylor, New York. Suzy Brooks uses velveteen piping and buttons at yoke to hem inverted pleat of an ottoman dress. Teen sizes 10-16, about $15. Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia

The Party Swirl

Billowing skirts, made of crisp, lustrous fabrics or stiffened with crinoline, add their excitement to the party season that starts with Halloween and lasts straight through the New Year



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
RALPH M. BAXTER

JEWELRY BY CORO



Demure Dynamite

For quick-change glamour — holiday blouses with a dainty, delicate air. They're made of rich fabrics high-lighted with embroidery, lace, ribs, and rhinestones



1. Tiny rhinestones and lace form a bib effect on Sally Mason's blouse of multifilament rayon crepe. Teen sizes 10-16, it's about $4 at Sakowitz, Houston and Saks 5th Avenue, New York

2. Ribbed fabric forms the leaf-shaped collar and rhinestone-buttoned panel of Chicky's long-sleeved blouse of rayon crepe. Teen sizes 10-16, about $4. Order it from Saks 34th, New York

3. Jewel-neck rayon-crepe blouse has embroidered flowers on a sunburst of scallops. It buttons down the back and has short sleeves. By Sally Mason in teen sizes 10-16, it's about $5

4. Lace-edged eyelet yoke forms a cape effect on a sheer cotton blouse by Helen Borgenicht. Small round collar is also lace edged. Teen sizes 10-16, about $6. B. Forman, Rochester

5. Helen Borgenicht uses rhinestone buttons and a perky wing collar on a short-sleeved ottoman blouse. Teen sizes, 10-16, about $6. Halle Bros., Cleveland; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia

Drawings by V. Higgins



Wrong

Figure Magic

by PEGGY BELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GIGLI



Right

EVER LOOK IN your mirror and wish it were Alice's looking glass? That just by wishing you could grow taller or shorter—thinner or plumper?

Well, outside of Wonderland, you can't actually shrink or grow by magic as Alice did, but you can learn some tricks that will seem magical. The secret is optical illusion to fool the eye and make things appear to be what they're not. But, you don't do it with mirrors. You do it with clothes, accessories, hairdos, and (very important) your state of mind.

If You Are Tall

Don't try to shrink by hunching your shoulders, bowing your head, and sagging in the middle. You won't look a bit smaller, but you *will* look most unattractive. Poor posture is a common failing of tall girls. If you are guilty, get busy right away and teach yourself to stand straight and walk gracefully with your head up. Remember, being tall puts you in the company of some famous beauties.

In order to help break yourself of the slumping habit, think of the most beautiful tall girl you know, and think of yourself as looking just like her. For instance, have you ever seen Jane Russell or Esther Williams standing with a slouch or slumping in a chair as though they'd like to disappear into it? Well, both of these famous stars are nearly six feet tall. Once you decide you can be tall *and* attractive—you're on your way to making it come true.

Clever choice of clothes, hats, hairdo and accessories can make you look much shorter—whereas the wrong clothes or hairdo can make you look taller than you are. To create the optical illusion, select lines and fabrics that emphasize the horizontal—never the vertical. Do wear:

FABRICS	COLOR	CUT
nubby wools	two-tones	separates
stiff silks and rayons	plaids	full skirts
crisp cottons	large checks	unpressed pleats
velveteen or corduroy	bright or light shades	boxy jackets

Use accessories to cut the straight, up-and-down line. Scarves, wide belts, big pockets, costume jewelry are all good on tall girls. Wear flats and low-heeled shoes when they are suitable. But, please, when you are dressed in party clothes or dressy street clothes, wear dress shoes. A tapered medium heel won't add much to your height, but it will add a lot to your looks.

Your hairdo acts as a frame for your face and can either add width or height. Check your hairdo to see whether it makes you look taller. Long straight bobs make a long face look longer and emphasize the vertical line. It's a good idea to keep away from styles that may be too skimpy or give you a pin-headed effect. Bangs, fullness at the sides, a low side part, a smooth crown all help create the illusion of width. When it comes to hats, avoid tiny head-hugging caps or those with peaked crowns. Berets, brimmed felts, and bonnet-type hats are especially good.

If you are too thin, follow the rules outlined above and make the following special additions. Dirndl skirts will play up your little waist and add the illusion of more curve at the hips. Don't wear camisole and sleeveless tops if you are a bit bony at the neck and shoulders. High necklines, Peter-Pan collars, shirtwaist details are flattering camouflage for you. Little bolero (*Continued on page 34*)



Wrong

Why wish for a magic wand? Here's some special sorcery for solving figure problems



Right

Harmony Hits

Drawings by Florence Maier



4693: You can make several versions of this becoming blouse, in the tuck-in or fitted style. Choose wool, silk, or cotton fabrics for them. Sizes are 12-18, with 16 taking 2¼ yards 39" material

9347: The inverted pleat gives a gay swing to a trim skirt that would be very smart in a tartan plaid or a solid-color wool. It comes in waist sizes 23-30 inches; 28 takes 2⅛ yards 54" fabric

4502: One of the new fall shades would be nice for this dress for sizes 10-16. Trim collar and pockets on skirt with a co-ordinating color. Size 12 needs 4⅜ yards 39" fabric, 3 yards trimming

9015: This boat-neck jumper can be worn with the blouse sketched, or, without the blouse, as a sleeveless date dress. For everyday wear, try a Carltex checked wool for it. Sizes 11-17. The jumper, in size 13, takes 4½ yards 39" material; the blouse 1⅜ yards

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For a handy, clip-out order blank, please turn to page 40

Each Pattern 30¢



9280: The fitted bodice and flared skirt of this frock for sizes 11-17 will do things for almost any figure. It is pictured here in a Reeves corduroy, with a back-view sketch showing a stand-up collar for a dressy version. Size 13 takes 3⅞ yards 39" fabric

4671: Easy to make, with few seams, these three pieces can be the basis for your wardrobe. Make two weskits and two skirts—plaid and plain—a long and a short sleeved blouse. Then mix and match to suit your fancy. Sizes 10-16. In size 12, skirt takes 1¾ yards 54" fabric; weskit, 1⅛ yards 35"; blouse, 1¾ yards 35"

4713: Perky as fresh paint, this jumper-jacket twosome is designed especially for sizes 10-14. You might choose Burlington checked rayon for the box-pleated, flared jumper and to trim the flaps of the long-sleeved, fitted jacket. In size 10, the jumper takes 2⅜ yards of 35" material; the jacket, 1⅝ yards, same width

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"Oh, the Dragon Has a Hot Red Tongue" *(Continued from page 13)*

O'Leary, MacQuiggin, Sukovich, Schmidt. They would be black as Tony Munach, when he straightened triumphantly above someone's chimney!

The next day the office was uncommonly quiet. No one's roast, it appeared, was left waiting in a dead oven. The mountain of bill-filled envelopes was stamped and on its way to the post office. Miss Ethel was showing Jordis about posting cash on the day's report, and listing folio numbers so the money could be properly credited in the great, gray-canvas ledgers.

Suddenly, in midmorning, the phone rang—a great lusty ringing that meant the private phone, tying in with the power stations along the highline. All three intent, Miss Liz and Miss Ethel and Jordis counted. One long. Two short.

"You answer, Jordis," Miss Liz said. "Just say, 'Iron Valley office.'"

Breathless with this new responsibility, Jordis mounted the stand that stood on four highline insulators, and picked up the receiver, careful not to make contact. An eighty-eight thousand volt might get you, Al had warned her with a chuckle, when he had shown her what to do.

This time it was Al on the wire and it was she, of all people, he wanted to talk to.

"Be over in ten minutes to pick you up, Jordis," he said. "Pop wants those reports brought out to the men, for signing. Snap into it!"

Out to the men—*Papa!* She'd be seeing Papa!

She was waiting when Al arrived with the pickup. He had stopped on the way for thermos jugs of coffee and boxes of sandwiches. Jordis clambered up beside him, a brief case held carefully in her hands.

"Stopped to see your Ma," Al said. "She sent along a crock of fresh doughnuts. Boy, will the men go for them!"

"I'll bet she sent Papa a special sandwich of those little Swedish meat balls we had for supper last night!" Jordis said.

She was out of breath with the excitement of this recess from the office, the importance of taking out the papers for signatures. And—with the anticipation of seeing Papa!

"Maybe we can bring him back?" she cried. "Maybe we can bring Papa back home?"

"Your pop? Well, I don't know," Al said. "My pop didn't say."

Jordis could feel her eyes narrowing, a hot, angry stinging in them. And then she realized—it wasn't anger, it was smoke that stung her eyes and choked her throat. She looked around her as they bounced along.

"How awful!" she cried. "How—*awful!*"

Just two weeks ago, she remembered, they had driven out here, Papa and the rest of them, on one of their picnic suppers. And the whole spring wood had been wreathed in young, clean green. And now—

"If you think fire's tough on the trees and things," Al said grimly, "you should see what it does to the wild things. They run until after a while they can't run any more. Or there's no place to run to. So—"

She shuddered, turning her eyes away from the gaunt black skeletons of trees that stood in a rubble of charred bush and brush, with not the least ghost of green left.

"How?" Jordis whispered. "*How?*"

"Some idiot probably threw a cigarette," Al said, his voice unusually grim. "Or forgot to drown a campfire. Or threw away a match without snapping it in two. And all this is the price. And all the folks who live in the villages around here—Upson, Iron Belt—scared to death till it's over!"

After a while, they came to the tall, reaching steel towers of the highline, where the men waited. When they saw the pickup, they roared their greeting. As Jordis stood beside Al, handing out sandwiches, while he poured out paper cup after paper cup of coffee, she thought she had never seen anyone so hungry, not even always-famished small Stenie. Now and again she thought of the families of these men—she knew them all, as you did in a small town like Iron Valley. Every home, every family, without a head of the table for all these dangerous, burning days. And at whose command? She wished with sudden fury that *he* was here, Mr. District Superintendent Malone! She'd tell him! Lose her job, yes—but she'd tell him!

"Hope you have some coffee left? And a good husky sandwich?"

Jordis' gray eyes popped at the figure coming toward her. Grimy, smoky, dirty as the rest of the men, his pepper-and-salt hair a moist snarl on his head—

"Mr. Malone! Mr. Malone!"

"Don't go spilling my coffee, Jordis! Haven't had any since last night! And I'll fire you if you drop that sandwich!"

She stood watching him gulp the food, as the others gulped, trying to understand. Then she remembered—

"Papa! Where's Papa!"

But the men were already piling into the other truck and getting ready to go the other way, toward the hydro plant. MacGill had taken the brief case of papers from her. It was all over.

"Mr. Malone, where's Papa?" she repeated. "Where is my father?"

"Here, I'll get up behind among the tools and stuff," Mr. Malone was saying, not even hearing her. "Drop me at the station, Al."

As Al helped her into the cab of the pickup Jordis began again, "Mr. Malone, where—"

But the two men were deep in conversation about technical things connected with the fire, the damage, and the cost of fighting the flames. A hundred times on the ride back to town, Jordis steeled herself to break through with her question about her father. But the man behind was her boss, and even Al beside her wasn't her old friend, neighbor, and playmate—he was Superintendent of Meters discussing important matters with *his* boss. So she sat tense, lacing and unlacing her fingers, thinking of Mamma and Stenie, waiting for word at home.

Then they were at the power station—after centuries, Jordis thought bleakly. Now, she'd *make* them tell her about Papa.

Mr. Malone's big, black car was standing in front of the power station. Jordis thought briefly of Papa's old flivver.

"We'll all hop in," Mr. Malone said. "You and I in the back, Al. We're so grimy we'd better sit on the blanket back there."

Jordis hesitated, trying to find words insistent enough to demand an answer.

A man was stepping out of Mr. Malone's fine, shining car. Mr. Malone had no chauffeur—you didn't have, in Iron Valley. Vaguely, Jordis glanced at him, and then—

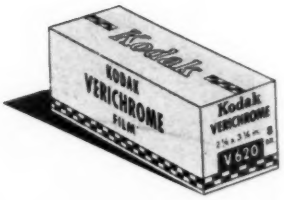
"Papa! Papa!" Without thought of onlook-

(Continued on page 34)

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~~Fetch~~ Shop talk

by JONNI BURKE

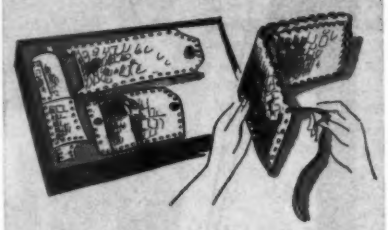
Drawings by Lisl Weil



Gift-Maker, a textile paint set, has brushes, paints, stencils, and instruction for decorating blouses, scarfs, place mats, etc., $1.98. Gift-Maker Co., Box 7027, Kansas City, Mo.

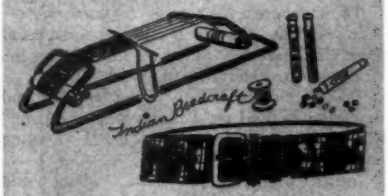


You get seven precut lapel ornaments, thread, and decorative material in this Leather Jewelry Kit for $2. American Handicrafts, 45 South Harrison St., East Orange, N. J.



This leather set contains precut gifts to make for father, brother, uncle, or friend; a wallet, cigarette case, key holder, etc. $2.30. Horton Handicrafts, Farmington, Conn.

These Christmas-gift kits will make at least three gifts each. All are under $3



Indian-Bead Kit has oodles of colorful material for making bracelets, belts, pins, bags, etc. $2.70 at Reiss Bros. Toys, 54 East 59th St., New York City 22, N. Y.



Make pictures, plaques, or decorate other things with a wood-burning kit that includes an electric tool and paints, $2.95, Reiss Bros. Toys, 54 East 59th St., New York City 22, N.Y.



Felt Kit contains colorful precut material for a beanie, drawstring bag, and lapel ornament. Only $1.50. Polk's Modelcraft Hobbies, Retail, 314 Fifth Ave., New York City 1, N.Y.

Please order items direct from stores listed and mention The American Girl



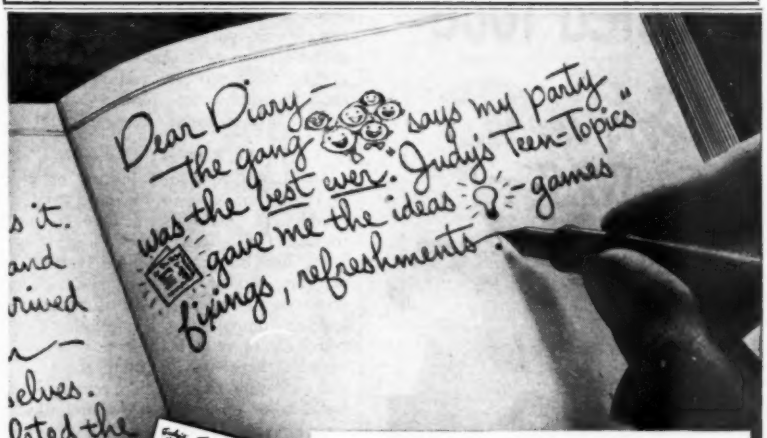
SALLY ANN STARIN—Age 7
Clifton, N. J.

I am a Club Girl

We meet on Tuesday afternoons and have lots of fun. We love our leaders and TOOTSIE ROLLS. I personally take my favorite candy to meetings and enjoy a TOOTSIE ROLL every chance I get.



Yes, Sally Ann, you undoubtedly speak for millions of youngsters who love that chocolaty and wholesome TOOTSIE ROLL.



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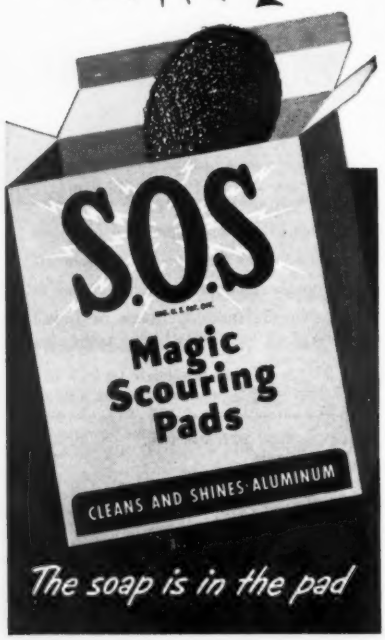
CITY ..... STATE .....

Dennison



It's easy to remove burned-on crusted food

always reach for S.O.S



The soap is in the pad

"Oh, the Dragon Has a Hot Red Tongue" *(Continued from page 30)*

ers or of the fact that she was a grown young lady now, she ran like a child of six and threw her arms around him.

"Hey," Papa grinned. "Mess me all up, will you, Jordis?" He helped her into the front seat and slid back under the wheel. "And I wanted everyone to see how pretty I look in a fine white shirt on a working day!"

"You mean, don't you, Erik," Mr. Malone grinned through his soot, "you want your daughter to see just how disreputable her boss can look, in contrast, eh?"

"Anyway," Papa said, "it was mighty good of you, Jerry, to take over so I could go home and wash the smoke out of my eyes! They still feel fried!"

"She sure is one hungry dragon—fire," Al agreed from the back seat. "Hey, isn't that a song? Didn't you used to sing some old Swede thing, Jordie?"

Papa started it—first a hum, then lustily.

O-oh, the dragon has a hot red tongue
And here he comes to burn me!

From behind, first Al, then Mr. Malone, joined in the song, singing as lustily as Papa.

And here we come to pull his tongue.
Then, let him try to burn me!

Jordis slid over close to Papa as he sat at the wheel of Mr. Malone's splendid, shining big car, in all his Sunday best. He turned briefly and grinned at her.

O-oh, we all will pull the dragon's tongue
Then, where's his tongue to burn me?

It was silly—they were all silly with relief from the long strain. Jordis wanted to giggle. And yet, she thought—was it so silly?

"With the fire finally under control and that fight behind us, I feel just like a king!" Mr. Malone declared suddenly, yawning and stretching.

Jordis glanced at Papa, clean and scrubbed, though this was a working day, his good blue suit against Mr. Malone's fine upholstery, his hands strong on the wheel of Mr. Malone's powerful car.

"Me, too!" Papa said.

He turned and caught Jordis' eye and grinned again, and she grinned back, at peace with her world. THE END

Figure Magic *(Continued from page 27)*

jackets are especially becoming, and in dressy fabrics like velveteens, make charming tops for full skirts.

Above all, don't constantly worry about being thin. Get your doctor's advice, first of all. Then check on your eating habits and resolve to do something constructive about adding the pounds you need. It may take a little doing, for a good many people are thin because they are geared to burn up all the energy their food provides—but it can be done. You may need to add a couple of extra meals—particularly bedtime snacks and midafternoon milk shakes. Be sure you are getting the sleep and rest you need. Fresh air and exercise are good appetite builder-uppers and encourage a good night's sleep.

If You Are Short

Good posture should be first on your list of things to achieve. No need to feel like somebody's "little sister" among your taller friends. "Standing tall" will add to your poise, and an easy rhythmic walk (instead of short, choppy steps) will do wonders for your confidence. And you do want to avoid looking dumpy. The wrong clothes can make you look even shorter than you are. Conversely, there are beguiling things a small girl can wear that would be entirely wrong for a taller girl. Here are some rules:

FABRICS	COLOR	CUT
sheer wools	dark and cool tones	one-piece dresses
jerseys	neutrals	straight or slightly flared skirts
soft silks and rayons	vertical stripes	simple necklines
all cottons	small all-over patterns	natural waistlines

Avoid anything that tends to cut into the up-and-down line. In general, try to keep your entire costume all of a piece. Sharp contrast in separates will seem to cut you in two. Steer clear of big plaids and splashy prints. They will overwhelm you. Solid colors in deep or muted tones will contribute to a simple neat look that is the key to the picture you want to create. Chunky jewelry, stoles, big belts, and large pockets are not for you. Wear flat-heeled shoes when any other kind would look ridiculous (with play clothes, slacks, for sports, hiking, etc.) but choose simple medium-heeled pumps for dress-up occasions. Don't think you need to teeter around on very high heels. Aside from the fact that they are likely to damage your feet, they just call attention to your size.

Study your hairdo to see if it contributes to the illusion of height. Masses of curls and too much fullness below the temples, for instance, will make you look top-heavy. Choose a simple hair style shaped to your head. Buy small hats, rather close-fitting—or with a built-up crown.

If you are a bit on the plump side, the above rules are good for you to follow, but in addition underline: dark colors, one-piece dresses, straight skirts, and simple necklines. Better cross clinging jerseys off your list, and choose clothes and accessories with a minimum of decoration. Too much jewelry, fussy details, ruffles and ribbons are just not your dish. Simplicity should be your keynote.

If you are really unhappy about your figure, ask your doctor if he thinks you are overweight. In general, it is better to be a little on the plump side than too thin during the teens, as you're likely to slim down in a year or so. Of course, if you know that those extra pounds are the result of a weakness for lush desserts, and a fondness for sodas—then the plus poundage is clearly your fault. If you're not more than ten pounds overweight, you've nothing to worry about. If you tip the scales a good deal above this ten pounds leeway, you really should ask your doctor about a sensible weight-losing diet. Caution: Don't go on a sudden starvation strike to whittle yourself overnight into the shape you'd like to be. As soon as you go back to your old eating habits you'll probably put it all back again, and you may seriously injure your health in the process. Follow your doctor's instructions to a T.

Whatever your figure problems, don't despair. Go into a huddle with your mother and plan your wardrobe with an eye to making the most of you. Check first to see if things spell "help" or "hindrance."

From now on—for that lovelier look—flatter your figure! THE END

Are you in the know?



When dining out, would a smart doll—

- ☐ *Disregard prices*
- ☐ *Wipe the silver*
- ☐ *Swipe the silver*

All wrong? You're right! When ordering, a smart doll considers her guy's wallet; doesn't filch tableware "souvenirs." And unless she's dining at the Greasy Spoon she won't wipe off the silver; there's no need, and it's bad manners. As for "certain" needs, it's smart to have just the right answer, protection-wise . . . so try the *3 absorbencies* of Kotex (different sizes, for different days). See how very right you'll be with Regular, Junior or Super!



What type is the best dating material?

- ☐ *Fun-to-talk-to*
- ☐ *Big time spender*
- ☐ *Lover boy*

Just being a Good Time Charlie or a cuddle cookie doesn't mean he's the best date mate. Snag a squire who's fun to talk to; has the same interests. Chatter you both enjoy helps avoid smooching sessions. Keeps you at ease. You'll always find "those" days easy to get along with—once you let Kotex help you stay really *comfortable*. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives downy softness that holds its shape.



If you're a high-brow, should you—

- ☐ *Conceal the fact*
- ☐ *Spurn jazz*
- ☐ *Languish in the library*

Fooled you! We're talking about foreheads—not brains; and a different hair-do can change your looks. If a lofty brow worries you, bring it down with a bang—or with a concealing half-bang or wave. And why not down those *problem day* worries? With Kotex you get extra protection, because this napkin has a special *safety center*—not to mention soft edges that resist moisture, outlaw chafing. (Kotex can be worn on *either* side, safely!)



When two boys ask you to dance, should you choose—

- ☐ *The better looker*
- ☐ *The lad who asked first*
- ☐ *Via the coin-flipping method*

Both stags ask to be your leading man—so what should a doe do? Choose the one who spoke up first; even if the other bid seems more alluring. You can't lose by playing fair—and ten to one Dreamboy will re-pop the question, next dance. And next time your calendar says "Don't go", on date night—speak up: ask for Kotex. Because those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines, you needn't know a self-conscious moment. Confidence is sure to follow—when your choice is Kotex!



How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ *Circle your calendar*
- ☐ *Perk up your wardrobe*
- ☐ *Buy a new belt*

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. (Why not buy two—for a *change?*)

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



KOTEX, KLEENEX AND DELSEY ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS COMPANY



BERLIN, GERMANY: My friend Charlotte paid for me a one-year subscription and I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL very much. The fashions in the May issue are lovely. The article *Teen-Ager . . . Hindu Style* was very good. I am highly interested in foreign countries and their customs, and I hope there will be a similar report in another of your magazines.

Although there are no Girl Scouts in Berlin, I like *All Over the Map* very much. *A Girl Called Hank* is the best serial I have ever read. ISOLDE THORAN *(age 13)*

HATTIESBURG, MISSISSIPPI: Your fashions are precious. I love the dress on the cover of the August issue.

As I am getting ready to do my room over, *Room Story* was very helpful. I was going to paint over the wallpaper but what it said about that gave me something to think about. SONYA O'NEAL *(age 13)*

BUFFALO, NEW YORK: *By You* is wonderful, but I don't agree with you on the art awards. *Young Lady With a Dulcimer* wasn't so hot, but *Cave Girl—1951* was immensely interesting and so was *Scouting in the Islands*. I like *Speaking of Movies* because it tells what the movies are about in a nice short paragraph.

PATRICIA EIDENIER *(age 15)*

GREENFIELD, MISSOURI: I just read Marcia Wolf's letter in the August issue and I felt that I just had to write to you.

I don't agree about some of the things she said in her letter.

I like to read very much, and I certainly don't think that *Books* is a waste of space. And I find the articles on *Indian Moons* very interesting. As for Scouting, I find it interesting. I am not a Girl Scout but I sometimes wish I were, and I think that *"Be Prepared"* is swell. Of course, some of the jokes could be better. As for being more interested in boys than Scouting—some girls might. But I think both are important. I think that it would be nice to have some articles on dating and things like that.

MELVINA TURNER *(age 15)*

DRIGGS, IDAHO: I just finished reading the conclusion of *A Girl Called Hank*. I thought it was better than any story I've read in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

I trade magazines with some of my girl friends who take different magazines. They all agree mine is the best; I agree, too!

My mother likes your magazine, too. Usually she gets it out of the post office and reads it first.

I love your patterns. This year I'll be a freshman in high school and I am using some of your patterns to make my clothes.

VELOE MURDOCK *(age 14)*

TRENTON, MISSOURI: I am a farm girl, and will be a freshman in Central School. The readers of your magazine will have a vital part to play in the drama of tomorrow. So while we are interested in fashions, looks, and dates, we also need to read, and so learn more about world problems in order that we might help solve them. As my special interest is racial prejudice, I hope Margaret E. Schoeverling's wonderful story will set other young people to thinking.

Thank you so much.

BARBARA WIRT *(age 13)*

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA: I received both the July and August issues of THE AMERICAN GIRL yesterday. Both were very interesting. In the July issue, I especially enjoyed your article *Be Fair to Your Feet*.

Also, *A Girl Called Hank* was extremely interesting, and the end of it came all too soon. Then I noticed that the conclusion was in the August issue. I was very sorry I hadn't sent in the subscription sooner. You can be sure I'll renew my subscription *very* soon.

In the August issue, I was pleased with everything, but most of all *Room Story*. Right after I had finished reading the article, I told Mother about it. She was so pleased with Jane's room and the low cost! We mapped out the color schemes and changes for my room, and this Monday, I'm going to paint my walls with a light-gray Super-Kem-Tone! So I say truckloads of thanks for having such an excellent article and selling Mother on the job.

A new, but everlasting subscriber,

KAREN WILSON *(age 14)*

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: I especially like the feature, *Books*. I have read quite a few of the books you suggested and I found that they were all worth reading. My very favorite feature is *The Music Stand*, because I have been taking piano lessons for about six months now and I'm very interested in music. EILEEN HURNEY *(age 12)*

JOHNSONDALE, CALIFORNIA: I will have to disagree with Marcia Wolf in saying that the Scouting articles are boring. They are one of the first things I turn to and I find them very interesting.

I especially liked *Dealings With the Departed* in your August issue. *A Girl Called Hank* was the best serial you've had, and *Room Story* has helped me a lot. I like the *By You* page although I don't agree with some of the judging. I think your patterns and jokes are grand but I wish you would have more stories like *Dark Decision*.

EARLENE WHITSON *(age 12)*

MILFORD, CONNECTICUT: The stories you print are positively terrific! I especially enjoyed *Dealings With the Departed* and *"Number Please?."*

I have just decided, also, that I am going to send for the pinwale corduroy weskit and skirt, which was advertised by Millers. It is so cute!

This month I thoroughly enjoyed *"Be Prepared,"* which told about waterproofing your own canvas and making your own canteen. I was especially interested because of my interest in the outdoors.

I am in Troop 10. So far, I have received ten badges. HARRIET BEARD *(age 13)*

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO: The stories you had in the August issue were wonderful.

The nonfiction story *Cave Girl—1951* was interesting, too. I think your fashions and patterns are wonderful.

Keep up the good work!

BEVERLY SAUNDERS *(age 14)*

OGDEN, UTAH: I first became acquainted with THE AMERICAN GIRL through my Scout troop when I received a year's subscription for selling Christmas cards. That was about

Attention, Readers!

Beginning October 15, 1951, new subscription rates to THE AMERICAN GIRL will be in effect. We urge you to send in your renewal now, for as long a term as possible, at the present rate. If you do not already subscribe to THE AMERICAN GIRL, now is your chance to order before the rates go up.

	Now	October 15, 1951
1 year	$2.00	$2.50
2 years	3.00	4.00
3 years	4.00	5.50
4 years	5.00	7.00

Send your order to us right away. Even if your present subscription does not expire for some time, send your renewal now and save money. On page 44 of this issue you will find a special coupon. Fill it in and mail it to us with your remittance without delay. Save money by ordering THE AMERICAN GIRL now.

five years ago and I want to congratulate you for the very wonderful magazine I have received each month. It is tops in many ways, one of them being that it has interest for girls as young as ten, my own sister included, and still holds the interest of girls eighteen and over. Not many magazines have such a record and you should be proud of it.

Your stories and articles range in variety so that they hold some interest for almost every type of girl; and I have used them to pull me through many a "rough" spot in my speech classes.

By You was a good idea as it helps develop the talents of your readers and gives them a chance to see their work in print.

The recipes in *Recipe Exchange* are easy to follow and give ideas for menu planning.

My big complaint is your fashions. I like them, but when checking the stores at which they may be purchased, I seldom find any that can be purchased in Utah. I cannot order by mail as I have a hard figure to fit; but I would like a chance to try some of these fashions and am still hoping for something to turn up.

I am a senior in high school and am majoring in business, but I also have an interest in home economics as I intend to really major in that someday.

FAYE CRAVENS *(age 17)*

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA: I love *By You* and *"Be Prepared."* I think your covers are darling.

I wish you would have an article on outdoor picnics and indoor birthday parties as my birthday comes in April and it usually rains on that day.

I disagree thoroughly with Marcia Wolf in the August issue. I like *Indian Moons* and *Books* have helped me in getting my book seal in school, and I don't see anything poor about the job the judges do in picking the jokes.

I think most girls are interested in boys, but speaking for myself and some of my friends who take this magazine we like the Scouting articles, too; and, as I said before, I love *"Be Prepared"* because someday I might make use of suggestions on roughing it and cooking without gas or electricity. I don't think you should change a thing except make the book thicker.

NANCY SPARKS *(age 13)*

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND: I simply had to write and tell you how wonderful your magazine is. It is much better and more colorful than our magazines. I like all your stories, especially your serial, *A Girl Called Hank*. Your fashions are perfect, just what we wish them to be. I like the *By You* section and *"Be Prepared."* Your grooming hints are very useful and *All Over the Map* is very interesting. I am a Girl Guide in the Glasgow Troop 256. ANNE FLECK *(age 13)*

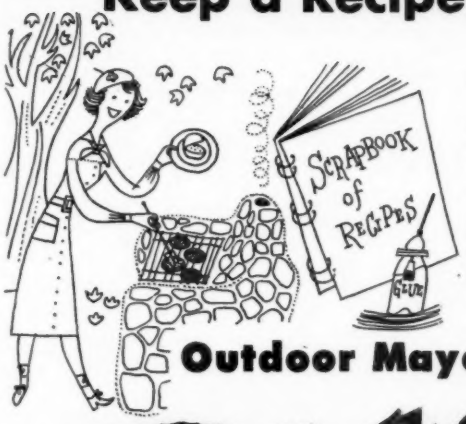
MATALA, SWEDEN: I have been getting THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years from relatives in America, and I find it better than any magazine here in Sweden.

Most of all I enjoy *A Girl Called Hank*. It is one of the best serials you have had. Every time THE AMERICAN GIRL comes, I always read that one first.

Your fashions are lovely, and most of my dresses are made from them.

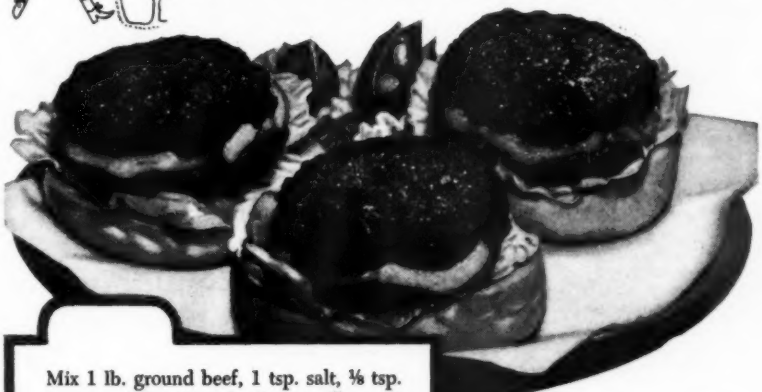
How about having some more about horses in the magazine? I love animals, horses most. And my friends who borrow THE

Keep a Recipe Scrapbook



When you plan that back-yard cook-out*, here's the recipe to use. Delicious, and so-o easy!

Outdoor Mayo-Burgers



Mix 1 lb. ground beef, 1 tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, 4 tbs. Best Foods or Hellmann's *Whole-Egg* Mayonnaise, 1 tsp. finely chopped onion, ¼ c. dry bread crumbs. Shape into 12 patties. Cut 6 slices American cheese in smaller rounds. Place on 6 'burgers and cover with remaining 'burgers. Seal meat edges. Broil over fire on both sides, serve on buns.

**For Back-Yard Camper Badge...*

Activity 14 states... plan and carry out simple outdoor meal for family, using back-yard fireplace. And what could be nicer than Mayo-Burgers and a lettuce and tomato salad topped with the *Whole-Egg* Mayonnaise!

Salads, sauces, sandwiches . . . there's almost no end to the wonderful ways you'll use Best Foods or Hellmann's Mayonnaise. It adds finer flavor, smoother texture because it's the *Whole-Egg* Mayonnaise . . . made with *freshly broken whole eggs* plus extra egg yolks.

Taste the difference between mayonnaise made with egg yolks alone and Best Foods or Hellmann's! You'll soon know why it's America's favorite mayonnaise!

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Whole-Egg Mayonnaise!

IN THE WEST →

← IN THE EAST

QUICKIE RECIPE for a Lunch You'll Never Forget



You'll seldom find an *easier* recipe than this. What's more, when you try it you'll find it so thrifty and delicious you'll want to make it again and again. Knox Unflavored Gelatine gives you a rich, creamy, chicken-y treat—firm and tender to eat. Yes, it's soup-with-a-fork....So get Knox today. After serving this grand dish you'll be trying all the champion recipes that come in the 4-envelope Knox package.

JELLIED CREAM OF CHICKEN

(1) Soften **1 envelope Knox Unflavored Gelatine** in **½ cup cold water.**

(2) Dissolve thoroughly in **1 can very hot condensed cream of chicken soup.**

(3) Season with **2 teaspoons grated onion.**

(4) Pour into large single or small individual molds. Teacups will do.

(5) Chill until firm.

(6) Unmold on **salad greens.** Serve plain or, if desired, garnish with **mayonnaise, paprika, ripe olives** or **sliced stuffed olives.**

VARIATIONS: Alternate with other condensed soups, such as Cream of Celery, Cream of Mushroom, Cream of Asparagus or Tomato Soup.

FREE... RECIPES that make life easier and meals more fun. "*Better Meals With Gel-Cookery*"—it's the popular cook book that helps you pull down food costs, cuts down kitchen time, and puts fresh, new salad, dessert and main-dish discoveries on your table. Just mail this coupon, and Knox will prove again that *home-made is always best* and *just* as *easy*. Mail us the coupon.

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CITY.....STATE.....

AMERICAN GIRL think just the same as I do.
MARILÈNE DENYS-PATTEN *(age 14)*

KEWANEE, ILLINOIS: I enjoyed so much the article on Scouting in Hawaii. I felt right at home reading it, because we lived in Honolulu for three years. I belonged to the University Elementary Troop there. In your article you spoke about the Juliette Low Festival given at the outdoor amphitheater on the University campus. I remember participating in two of these festivals, and it was fun to hear you mention them.

The only criticism I have of this article was that it made Hawaii sound a bit less modern than it really is. Otherwise, it was swell. SARA HOSKINSON *(age 13)*

GEORGETOWN, ILLINOIS: Your "*Be Prepared*" series is wonderful and I thought *Cave Girl—1951* was very good.
MARCIA GERRIB *(age 12)*

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE: Your patterns are perfect and the styles are just what I've been waiting for. I also find *All Over the Map, By You,* and your section on books very interesting. GERMAINE HOMAN *(age 13)*

NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA: I play the violin and am interested in music so I enjoyed *Young Lady With a Dulcimer.* I wasn't aware that there was such an instrument. JUDY BRUHL *(age 16)*

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND: I have been receiving your AMERICAN GIRL Magazine for four years now and I think each year it grows better. Since my last letter I have gotten polio, so now I enjoy your magazine much more. I think your last serial *A Girl Called Hank* was really super. Your fashions are also very cute and smart-looking. I am going to send the rest of my issues to my pen pal in England. I know she will enjoy them as much as I have. Keep up the good work! PAT HARDT *(age 14)*

DALLAS, TEXAS: Since I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL, I almost live by the mailbox until it comes. I think *A Girl Called Hank* is the best story I have ever read.

I disagree with Marcia Wolf about the Scouting articles being boring and boys being more interesting. I usually turn to *All Over the Map* first. There is so much news in it. PEGGY WILMANS *(age 12)*

PECONIC, NEW YORK: I don't always agree with the art awards on the *By You* page. The first poetry award in August in *By You* was wonderful! JULIE DAY *(age 12)*

LIVINGSTON, WISCONSIN: I always read *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and heartily disagree with Marcia Wolf. Scouting is much more important to a girl of thirteen than boys. I think "*Be Prepared*" is something everyone should read. In this unsettled world of today where young men and women are losing their lives to keep our freedom, the least we can do is try to help on the home front as much as possible. Your patterns are very nice. And your stories are always interesting. Our whole family reads them. JEAN GATES *(age 13)*

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

Your Own Recipe Exchange *(Continued from page 22)*

until stiff, but not dry. Add sugar gradually, continuing to beat until the meringue stands in stiff peaks. Blend in flavorings.

Place strawberries on center of cake, and immediately frost cake and berries completely with the meringue. Place in hot oven (450°) for 5 to 7 minutes, or until lightly browned. Let stand at room temperature 1 hour before serving. Serves 6.
Sent by WANDA C. COX, *Randolph, Vermont*

SUNDAY BREAKFAST BISCUITS

You'll find nobody skips breakfast the morning you serve these. Especially good with a glass of cold, sweet milk.

1 cup biscuit mix
⅓ cup milk
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ cup brown sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup chopped nuts or raisins

Combine biscuit mix and milk according to package directions. Roll out into a rectangle about ½" thick. Spread with melted butter, sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon, and dot with chopped nuts or raisins. (You can use half raisins and half nuts, if you like.) Roll up jelly-roll fashion, and cut in ¾" slices. Place cut side down in muffin tins or close together in cake pan. Bake at 475° for 15 minutes. Makes about 12 biscuits.

Sent by TERRY WALSDORF,
San Antonio, Texas

RASPBERRY COBBLER

Betty's mother made up this recipe when she found herself with plenty of raspberries on hand. You can substitute any fruits or berries you like—fresh, frozen, or canned—sweetening to your taste.

1½ cups biscuit mix
¼ cup sugar
½ cup milk (about)
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon milk
2½ cups raspberries

Combine biscuit mix with ¼ cup sugar, and stir in just enough milk to moisten well. Roll or pat out two rounds of dough, ½" thick. Fit one round into bottom of 1 quart casserole, and spread raspberries on top. Combine ½ cup sugar with 1 tablespoon milk and stir until sugar is completely dissolved. Spread this icing evenly over raspberries. Cover with the other round of dough, slashing it in several places. Bake 15 to 20 minutes at 400°, or until well browned. Serve hot or cold with milk, cream, or ice cream. Serves 6.
Sent by BETTY GOMPF, *Pikesville, Maryland*

LEMON COCONUT COOKIES

You'll appreciate this short-cut recipe when you want to make a batch of cookies in a hurry. They are delicious for snacks, and nice to serve with ice cream or fruit desserts.

1 package white-cake mix
⅓ cup milk
3 tablespoons softened shortening
1½ cups shredded coconut
½ teaspoon lemon extract

Combine all ingredients. Beat 1 minute

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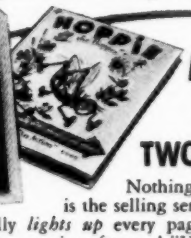
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Fudge made this Kraft Kitchen way is smooth, never grainy, never too soft or too hard.

It is made *without cooking* so there's no testing and no beating to do. Its magic ingredient for smoothness and richness is creamy-white Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, always delicately fresh in flavor—*guaranteed* fresh.

Ask the gang in. Make a batch of "Philly" fudge *tonight* . . . in 15 minutes and serve it 15 minutes later. They'll say it's *terrific!*

RECIPE FOR CHOCOLATE "PHILLY" FUDGE

1 3-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
2 cups of sifted confectioners' sugar
2 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
¼ teaspoon vanilla
Dash of salt
½ cup chopped pecans

Place the cream cheese in a bowl and cream it until soft and smooth. Slowly blend the sugar into it. Add the melted chocolate. Mix well. Add the vanilla, salt and chopped pecans and mix until well blended. Press into a well-greased, shallow pan. Place in the refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares.



For "Philly" fudge be sure you use genuine

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by hand, or at low speed of electric mixer. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased baking sheet, about 3 inches apart. Bake in hot oven (400°) 8 minutes. Makes about 5 dozen cookies.

Sent by LaRue Wright, *Miami, Florida*

CHERRY DELIGHT

A few chopped nuts mixed with the cherries are a good addition to this version of an old favorite.

4 tablespoons melted butter
1 cup brown sugar
½ package white-cake mix
2 cups pitted sour cherries, drained
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Combine butter and sugar and press into bottom of a 9" x 9" x 2" pan. Arrange cherries on top, and sprinkle with cinnamon. Prepare cake mix according to package directions, and drop by spoonfuls on cherry mixture. Bake at 375° for 40 minutes. Cool in pan 5 minutes, then invert cake and pan on serving plate and let stand for a minute before lifting pan. Serve hot or cold, with or without whipped cream. Serves 6.

Sent by Karen Tesaker, *Benzonia, Michigan*

EVER-READY OATMEAL COOKY MIX

Oatmeal cookies are wonderful for lunch boxes, for they are chewy and nutlike. If yours is a cooky-loving family, you will want to try this mix that can be prepared in advance and stored.

Basic Mix:

3 cups flour
2½ cups sugar
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 teaspoons salt
1 cup shortening
3 cups rolled oats

Sift together flour, sugar, soda, baking powder, and salt. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles corn meal. Add oats and blend well. Store in tightly covered container at room temperature.

For Two Dozen Cookies:

2 cups cooky mix
1 egg
1 tablespoon milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat together egg and milk, add to cooky mix, and stir until well blended. Add vanilla. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cooky sheet and bake at 375° for 12 to 15 minutes, or until cookies are brown.

You can vary this basic recipe by adding ½ cup chopped nuts, raisins, or chocolate bits; by adding ½ cup shredded coconut; or by omitting vanilla and adding 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg.

Sent by Eleanor Brown, *Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

FUDGE BATTER PUDDING

Chocolate lovers will go for this quick and easy pudding. For special glamour, serve with a scoop of vanilla ice cream.

1 package chocolate-cake mix
½ cup nuts, chopped
½ cup sugar
5 tablespoons cocoa
¼ teaspoon salt
1⅔ cups boiling water

Mix cake according to package directions, add nuts, and stir to blend. Make a sauce by combining the remaining ingredients, and pour this into a greased cake pan or casserole. Pour batter over sauce, and bake 40 to 45 minutes at 350°. Serve warm, topping each portion with some of the sauce.

Sent by Diane Russell, *Dearborn, Michigan*

THE END

★

January Recipe Exchange

★

Subject: Party Refreshments
Date Due: October 20

- The American Girl Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the January issue must reach us by October 20.
- Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.
- JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, The American Girl will pay $1.00.

★

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper.
2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
4. All recipes submitted become the property of The American Girl Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for $1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

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☐ **9280—Dress with Deep V-Neck**
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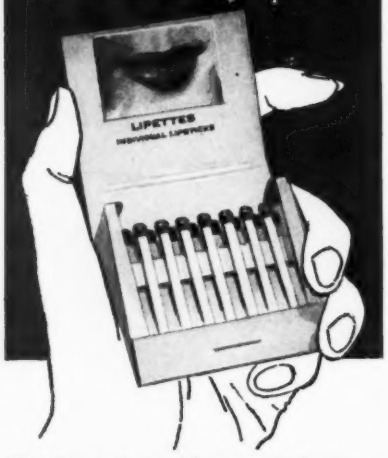
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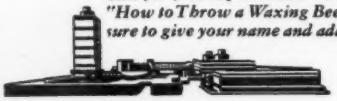
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Ask for free Lipettes and booklet, "How to Throw a Waxing Bee." Be sure to give your name and address.



SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



CROSSWINDS—Swift speedboats, gold, pearls, and forged papers are involved in the plot of this adventure story in Technicolor. John Payne has the role of honest Steve Singleton, and Rhonda Fleming is Katherine Shelley, the girl who comes to his aid. Steve matches brains and brawn with two shady characters: Jumbo, played by Forrest Tucker, and Sir Cecil Daubrey, played by Alan Mowbray, and there are many exciting moments before Steve comes out on top. (Paramount)



JIM THORPE—ALL AMERICAN
The great American Indian athlete, Jim Thorpe, himself, helped in the production of this story of his life and achievements. Burt Lancaster as Jim, and Charles Bickford as the famous coach, Pop Warner, head the large cast. The picture is a thrilling and moving story of the heights and depths in the career of the Indian boy from Oklahoma who has been called "the greatest athlete of the first half of the twentieth century." (Warner)



RHUBARB—This tale of the cat which inherits a fortune stars Ray Milland, Jan Sterling, Gene Lockhart, and Rhubarb, the cat, himself. The trials of the press agent who becomes the cat's guardian are many and funny. He succeeds in making Rhubarb the mascot of a baseball team; foils the animal's would-be murderers; and rescues him from cat-nappers. But when the press agent's cat-allergic fiancée appears on the scene, the poor man's troubles really begin. (Paramount)



FLYING LEATHERNECKS—Two officers, two schools of discipline, are opposed in this Technicolor story of a Marine squadron of World War II in the Pacific. Captain Griffin (Robert Ryan) manages to hide his resentment toward Major Kirby (John Wayne) until they return to the States. Then it flares openly, and trouble follows. The picture builds to an exciting climax when both men go back to take part in the Marine Corps campaigns which have become history. (RKO)

Sorority

(Continued from page 11)

it. Lamé, maybe?" she had suggested dreamily. "I had a lovely lamé dress once."

"No, Mother," Anne had interrupted firmly. "Lamé's much too dressy. Martha's going to wear a light-weight wool, green, and very plain. And, Mother," she had added warningly, "this doesn't mean that I'm *in*. It's only a tea. They invite dozens of girls." But even as she said it, mentally crossing her fingers, she had not actually doubted that she would be one of the chosen.

She had been so prominent sophomore year, writing for the school paper, having the lead in the Christmas play, being her home-room president. Besides, Martha was sure to make it. Martha would have been the most popular girl in the class even if she were not the wealthiest. Martha's home on Prospect Hill had a huge rumpus room that was always filled with boys and girls. And Martha was her best friend.

She had gone to the tea in a light-weight wool like Martha's, but pale tan, very simply cut, with only a narrow gold belt about the waist for trimming. Oh, she had *looked* all right, she knew. *Then, why? Why? Why?* What is the matter with me, she thought in terror and bewilderment.

When the bell rang for the first period, she lingered in her seat, pretending to rearrange her papers and her books so that she would be the last to leave. Looking up, she thought that Miss Baldwin, her home-room teacher was watching her, so she gathered up her books in embarrassment and hurried from the room.

Martha was waiting for her outside the door at recess. Betsy had already disappeared.

"Anne," Martha began painfully as Anne came slowly out of the room with her head held high, "I—I can't walk around with you this recess. I have to meet the girls—" She hesitated, looked desperately into Anne's stony face. "I—I'm sorry, Anne. But during the pledging period we have to do what they tell us to do. We have to stay with them at recess."

Anne's lips felt dry. She wet them feverishly, holding her eyes wide open so that no tears would show. She would not cry, she thought fiercely. Blindly she turned toward the girls' lavatory.

"Anne—" Martha's face was troubled. "We can still be friends. We're going skating this afternoon, aren't we?"

"Don't wait for me," Anne said curtly, turning away. "I can't make it today."

She spent recess in the lavatory, scrubbing the lipstick from her mouth, then defiantly painting it on again, pretending when other girls entered the room that she had something in her eye or a run in her stocking. Looking into the mirror, she did not recognize the flushed face reflected there. She felt the blood beating in an unfamiliar, heavy rhythm in her ears; dreaded the end of recess when she must return to the classroom; thought, at the same time, that she had been cowering forever in the lavatory, waiting for the bell to ring.

Always before, that fifteen-minute period had seemed incredibly short to her. Recess had been one of the happiest times of the day, when Martha and Betsy and she, linking arms, had burst into busy chatter, tossing their heads, laughing, pretending to

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STATE (PLEASE PRINT)

THIS COUPON MUST BE MAILED BEFORE OCT. 15, 1951!

ignore the admiring boys who leaned against the walls watching them; smiling self-consciously at the senior Delta girls appraising them as potential members, while they crossed the shining floor of the cafeteria.

At recess, the Delta girls always met in the cafeteria, forming a select, secret island, around which the other girls and boys eddied. Often the boys of Theta Phi, their brother fraternity, joined them there. Bill Curtin was Theta Phi. Was it only Friday that he had stopped her in the library, staring at her so warmly that she had felt her cheeks burn; only Friday that he had whispered, "When are we going to have that date, Anne?" while Lucille Stevens stared at her jealously from across the room?

Martha and Betsy would be with the Deltas now, laughing and confident and *belonging*. Bill Curtin would be with them, too. A staunch member of that little closed group, Bill probably would never ask her for a date, now that she was an outsider. Even if he did, oh, even if he did what good would it be now, with everything spoiled?

She leaned her head against the mirror, feeling sick with longing for the gay, attractive Deltas, despising herself for wanting them, hating them at the same time. "But I don't know anyone else," she thought desperately. "I don't want to know anyone else. Those girls are my friends. Since grammar school they have been the only girls I have known. Why did they reject me? How am I *different?*"

"Don't you care, Anne," Evelyn Brown would say, her plain face concerned, her dark eyes pitying. "They're stuck-up snobs, that's what they are." But there was no comfort in the thought of Evelyn's pity, only a kind of sick self-contempt and revulsion.

If she only had someone to turn to—some kind, wise person who could tell her what to do. Her mother—for the first time since breakfast she thought of her mother and how unhappy this would make her.

Yet she could feel no sympathy, only resentment. Her mother, she thought, with a new, terrible coldness, would be helpless and bewildered by this as she was by everything. Her father—if her father were at home like other fathers instead of always away on the road. If her home were a happy, lively, *family* place instead of the dim, gloomy dwelling that it was, in spite of all her poor attempts to make it charming, maybe *then* Delta would have wanted her. Her lips curled contemptuously, remembering her childish bargaining with God, her pitiful little prayers for happiness. In her misery, she felt they were all to blame, her mother, her father, even God somehow.

Hearing the bell at last, she hurriedly splashed cold water over her burning face, and looking neither to right nor left in the crowded halls, she found her way back to the classroom.

Interminably the dreary morning dragged on, while she shrank from every overture of other outsiders who, she imagined, were looking at her in sympathy or amusement, and proudly withdrew from the self-conscious attempts of Martha and Betsy to remain natural.

When she was back in her home room for dismissal at one o'clock, she pretended to search for her copy of "Cicero," fumbling in her desk, senselessly putting away and taking out her books with icy, trembling fingers, glancing furtively at the clock until it was one fifteen and she knew the halls would be cleared of juniors and seniors, the school buses gone, and the freshmen and sophomores already thronging in for the afternoon session. At last only Anne and Miss Baldwin were in the room.

When Anne, rising at last to leave, met the teacher's eyes, she tried to smile. "Good-by, Miss Baldwin," she said.

Miss Baldwin smiled back at her. "Oh, Anne," she said, "I've been wanting to talk to you. Do you have a minute?"

Slowly Anne walked to the front of the room.

"It's about the story you handed in last month for the 'Review,'" the teacher said. "I want you to work on it for the 'Atlantic' contest." She felt about in her brief case and brought out a manuscript. "It has a most unusual maturity. A nice quality. A little like Katherine Mansfield, I think."

Lifting her head, Anne strove desperately to ignore the roaring in her ears, the burning in her cheeks, the icy trembling of her hands. For a moment she wondered if she could be ill, desperately ill. Of course, Miss Baldwin knew, and was sorry for her. "I—I wrote that last summer," she said. "I'm not so much interested in writing now. I—I haven't the time."

Miss Baldwin hesitated. "Anne," she said, fumbling for the right words. "There are lots of things in high school more important than sororities. To be able to write like this, for instance. To be young and talented—why, in a few years you'll laugh at sororities."

Anne tried to look indifferent, but to her horror felt her lips begin to tremble. She could only stare dumbly at the English teacher.

Miss Baldwin hurried on. "It's no particular honor to be chosen for a sorority, dear. Many of our best girls are never asked. Some outstanding girls won't join them. Why, Millicent Price turned down Delta last year because she thought that sororities were undemocratic. And you know how outstanding Millicent is."

Anne smiled cynically. Millicent Price went South every winter with her family, had been abroad twice already, drove her own car to school, filling it blithely with everyone, caring not a whit for Greek letter societies. Who couldn't be that way if she were Millicent Price, to whom school was the least of her pleasures? "It's all right, Miss Baldwin," Anne said thickly, longing only to escape. "I can get along."

Hurrying down the stairs, she saw no one in the halls. As she ran down the worn stone steps, the morning seemed ages away. How can I stand this for a year, she thought. Only one day has passed. What will I *do?*

The short street was deserted now, the gay groups gone from in front of the school. Towering there like a great, gloomy monument to despair, the huge brick building looked forbidding, almost revengeful, against a lowering, sullen sky.

When she began to run down the street, her skates, slung over her shoulder, banged against her back, and she remembered that she had been going skating. At Dawson's Park she slowed her steps. There was no one in sight as she approached it. Through the wire fence she could glimpse the ice, which looked firm and smooth and inviting, with no sign of the treacherous water lurking beneath.

If she were to slip in through the wire fence and put on her skates on a bench just around the curve, no one would see her.

The thought was suddenly alluring. To be alone, to glide on and on around the bend where the pond curved and dipped into a lovely, secret hollow, to be away from everyone in a lovely, kindly solitude.

Dreamily she thought of the Phillips boy who had drowned here last week, and the idea was no longer fearful, but strangely enticing. A breeze lifted her hair, fanned her hot cheeks temptingly. To skate and skate and skate until there was no one, nothing. She stared hypnotically at the silvery ice and moved closer to the wire fence, thinking how in the morning the girls would whisper of her awesomely, how Miss Baldwin would sigh as she removed her story from the "Atlantic" entries. "Like Katherine Mansfield," Miss Baldwin had said. "Your writing has a nice quality."

Deep down inside of her something stirred for the first time since morning, like the water that flowed secretly under the ice before her—a tiny warmth, a whispering. Standing there beside the pond in the waning winter afternoon, Anne thought that she had never been so alone in all her life. She had no one, neither parents nor friends, to help her; she had only herself and the words that grew and grew within her, "Like Katherine Mansfield." But the numbness, the terror, the despair were fading, and in their place she felt an immense and dogged surety she had never known before. "I will write," she said aloud childishly. "They'll be sorry when they see how I'll write someday."

Yet, in spite of the childishness of the words, she knew that her childhood was over. Bits of her youth were strewn, she thought, through the halls and the rooms of the high school and along the road behind her, like the pieces of bread with which Hansel and Gretel in the fairy tale had marked their path. She would always remember high school and the pain and humiliation. But she no longer wanted to die; she wanted to live. If life was bitterly lonely, it could also be rich and sweet, according to writers, who knew. Real writers, *Writers like Katherine Mansfield,* whose ranks she would sometime join.

It was growing colder, and she began to run homeward, thinking how she could soften the blow for her mother, noticing as she ran how her feet sank into the soft, wet soil, from which the sun had melted the frost, and left an imprint that would freeze before morning into marks that might last the whole winter through. THE END



Many Girl Scout Councils receive support through the Community Chest

She's a typical American girl!

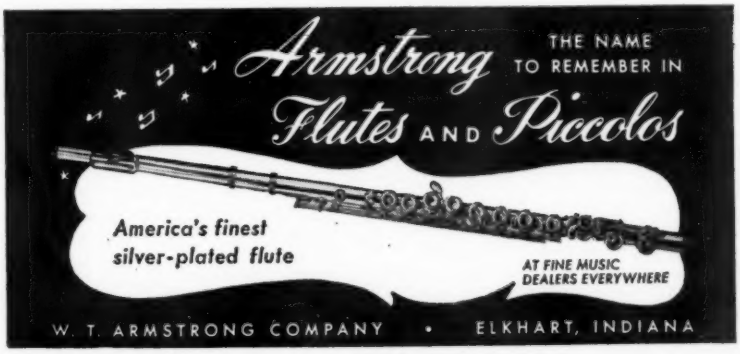
"Pretty as a little red colt—and twice as smart!" That's her uncle describing Jo Anderson, and whether you met Jo on her job in the busy telephone office, or week-ending at Uncle Ted's ranch, you'd likely agree. She's a friendly young lady, generous with her smiles. She's generous, too, with her spare time—she's a nurse's aid at the hospital and loves it. A gal America can be proud of!



Like lots of girls, Jo Anderson enjoys the feeling of importance that comes with her telephone job. She knows she's part of the nation's defense effort, and is proud to be on the Bell Telephone Company team.

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



All Over the Map

Headline News in Girl Scouting



Photo by Rene

This replica of the birthplace of Girl Scouting was made by a Washington, D.C. troop in 1937, and restored in 1949 by a Port Washington, N.Y. troop

"Would you could be a little bird in the corner and watch the children when they opened the wonderful gifts," wrote a mother in The Netherlands to the Girl Scouts of Troop 5, Northeast Harbor, Maine. It was only one of many letters the girls have received from the family in Holland which the troop "adopted" two years ago.

It all began when the girls made and sold candy to pay for a CARE package to be sent to a family in Holland. In due time a letter of thanks reached them from the family which had received their package. It told about the family of ten children, and of their home in The Netherlands. The letter was written in Dutch, and the girls had quite a time finding someone to translate it for them. When they did, their troop scribe replied, telling the Dutch family about Maine, and Mt. Desert, and the Girl Scouts of Northeast Harbor. Letters went back and forth across the ocean, and the girls began to feel very well acquainted with their Dutch friends.

The troop sold Girl Scout cookies and candy and raised enough money for a gift box for the family in Holland. They packed two large cartons with groceries, dried fruits, canned meats, buttons, thread, and needles. And one of the girls tucked into a corner a small, inexpensive doll. When the thank-you letter arrived, the girls were surprised to learn that although all the practical gifts had been very welcome, the little doll had meant the most to the family. The youngest daughter, age nine, had never had a doll, and to her it was the most wonderful thing in the world!

Last fall, Troop 5 began to plan a Christmas-gift box for their adopted family. For it they collected good, used clothing and toys, and added candy and nuts for a holiday treat. Each gift was wrapped in gay Christmas paper, and all were packed neatly into two large cartons which were sent in what the girls hoped would be plenty of time for Christmas. They were delighted when the mother of the Dutch family wrote that one package had arrived before Christmas, and the other shortly afterward.

International Friendship has been only one part of this troop's well-rounded program, which also has included overnight hikes and nature movies. One of the group activities the girls enjoyed most was making doll quilts for the little patients at the Crippled Children's Hospital in Bath, Maine. The girls made their own designs and transferred them to blocks of unbleached muslin. Each girl made three squares, and embroidered them in bright-colored thread. When all were ready, the squares were joined together with a gay nursery-pattern chintz material to make four doll quilts for the little girls at the hospital.

From the United States to England, from England to British West Africa, and from Africa back to the United States stretches a cord of friendship which links a Lincoln, Michigan, Girl Scout troop with a Girl Guide and a Girl Ranger thousands of miles away.

Three years ago, a letter came to Troop 6 in Lincoln from a nurse in a London hospital. It told of an English Girl Guide who was about to have a dangerous operation, and who would be happy to hear from American Girl Scouts. By return mail, letters from the troop were on their way to England, and so began a warm and lasting friendship. Freda, the Girl Guide, came through the operation, and for her bravery and cheerfulness was awarded the Badge of Valour, the highest award a Girl Guide can receive. She and the Michigan girls correspond regularly, exchanging copies of THE AMERICAN GIRL and "The Guide," and at Christmas and for her birthday the Girl Scouts remembered Freda with gift packages.

The English Girl Guide also corresponds with a native girl in British West Africa. By letter, she introduced Nadia, her African friend, to her friends in Michigan, and before long another flourishing correspondence had begun. Nadia, a Girl Ranger, is taking a premedical course, and hopes to come to the United States to intern—and, they all hope, to visit her Michigan pen friends.

This troop of Girl Scouts has a program which covers a wide range of activities. As part of their community-service work they help make toys for Christmas gifts for children in Ann Arbor hospitals; they bake cookies and wrap them in attractive packages for patients at the Leeland Sanatorium, and make Eastertime tray favors for them. In addition, the troop has visited many important and historical places in Michigan, and climaxed this past summer's activities with a week of camping, hiking, swimming, and fishing.

One of the treasured possessions of Brownie Troop 4 of Roslyn, New York, is a delightful round-robin note signed by girls representing seven different nations and by "Falk," the Director of Our Chalet. The note is a thank-you letter to the Brownies from the Director and the girls who were staying at Our Chalet, in Switzerland, when a patchwork quilt made by Troop 4 arrived in Adelboden. Written in inks of different colors, the many names and nicknames scattered over the page make it look like a kind of patchwork quilt itself.

The quilt was sent to Our Chalet as a memorial to Juliette Low, and making it was a happy experience for the Roslyn Brownies. Each girl made a square on which she embroidered her name and age; the leaders and the mothers helped by joining

the sections and by doing the quilting. When it was finished, the quilt was exhibited in the high school auditorium at the Girl Scout birthday celebration. Then it was packed and shipped off to Switzerland, to help keep warm and snug the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts from all over the world who visit Our Chalet every year. With the round-robin letter came another from "Falk" herself, in which she said that she hopes the Brownies will hurry and grow up, be good Scouts, and be sent to Our Chalet, so that they, too, may sleep under the quilt!

An invitation to take part in a local Pan-American celebration launched Girl Scout Troop 1 of Colfax, Louisiana, on one of their most enjoyable activities. Six girls from the troop were chosen to do a dance, and this led to much interesting research into history, fabrics, and colors before they began making their costumes. The rest of the troop was equally busy, working on an acrostic to be presented on the program.

On the day of the celebration, the Girl Scouts put on their program against the background of a collection of beautiful Pan-American flags loaned to them for the occasion. In full, brightly colored cotton skirts trimmed with wide ruffles of printed material, the *señoritas* whirled gaily with partners in blue jeans, bright shirts, and red and yellow sashes. With their hair pinned tightly up beneath wide-brimmed hats, these girls made quite dashing *señors*. The acrostic, which told the history of the Pan-American Union, was expertly and smoothly worked out by uniformed Girl Scouts manipulating beautifully designed, large white letters.

The program was so well received that it was decided to repeat it for the students of the Colfax high school. This time a Cub Scout den, which had recently put on a Mexican skit at one of their meetings, was asked to take part. As members of the sixth grade carried the flags of the Pan-American countries across the stage, each flag was named and described. A dramatization of the Monroe Doctrine by a high-school group was next, and then the Boy and Girl Scouts put on their skit, dance, and the Pan-American acrostic.

The troop was enthusiastic about the project, which proved an excellent community and international activity.

This is the story of the adventures of a replica of the birthplace of Girl Scouting. It began in 1937, when Troop 8 in Washington, D. C., reading "Juliette Low and the Girl Scouts," had an inspiration: Why not make a model of the historic house and garden in Savannah, Georgia, in which the first Girl Scout meeting was held?

Correspondence with a troop in Savannah brought information on measurements, materials, colors, names of trees. The Washington troop decided to make a model scaled to 1/48th actual size, and with each girl assigned to a particular job, an exact replica of the first meeting place—three by four feet, and eighteen inches high—began to take form. Simple materials were used: sandpaper for stucco; sponges for shrubs; twigs for trees; pipe cleaners for figures. A tiny Juliette Low was seated in the garden, surrounded by the first Girl Scout troop—dressed in the old khaki uniforms.

The model was completed in time for Washington's observance of the twenty-fifth birthday of Girl Scouting, and was the centerpiece at the anniversary dinner. Afterward it was exhibited in the National Girl Scout House in Washington, where it was admired by many distinguished visitors. Some years later it was moved to Camp Rockwood, where it was on display until the ravages of time caused it to be tucked away in the attic.

In 1949 the former leader of Troop 8 discovered the dust-covered model and received permission to take it to her home in Port Washington, New York. Here a local troop of Senior Service Scouts undertook the project of repairing and restoring it. Unfortunately, none of the original data and records could be found, but from the notes and memory of the former Washington leader, the restoration was made, and the work finished in time for Port Washington's observance of the thirty-seventh anniversary of Girl Scouting. Since then the restored model has been exhibited at the Nassau County Girl Scout Federation, and in many of the towns which make up the Federation.

An excellent, and rather unusual, community service has been carried out by Lone Troop 1 of Winthrop, Washington. The local cemetery had been without a caretaker for a long time, and the troop, distressed by the condition of "God's acre," offered to make the care of the cemetery one of their main service projects.

It was a hard, dirty, discouraging job for the first two years. But the small group of Girl Scouts and their leader kept doggedly at it—cutting down and pulling out weeds, mowing, raking, and planting grass seed. Last year they had all-day work meetings during the summer, and some weeks had three or four of these work sessions. It wasn't an easy job, but gradually they made progress, until the time came when, stopping at the gate each evening to survey their work before leaving for home, they felt a glow of pride in the appearance of the cemetery, and an added eagerness to conquer another neglected area of it. The project has made a deep impression on the girls, and the troop plans to make it a continuing activity.

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

This department is for news about Girl Scouts everywhere: what they are doing and how they are doing it. Girl Scouts—and Girl Guides, too—from all over the world tell us how much they enjoy reading about your activities, what fine ideas you have given them in this department. So please continue to send us good accounts of your fun, your community services, your special or pet projects. And send us photographs—glossy prints, large and clear, that will reproduce well in the magazine. Pictures that tell a story are best, with the girls in good poses, busy with some activity.

Remember, this is the Girl Scouts' very own department—let's make it a good one!

Associated Newspapers, Inc.



A good time is had by all as Girl Scouts of Lincoln, Michigan, and their leader pack a gift box for an English friend

Ray Jacobs' Studio



Below: **When they are big Girl Scouts, some of these Brownies of Roslyn, New York, may sleep under this quilt at Our Chalet**

Steps Toward Friendship

by BARBARA CHRISTOPHER SWIFT

Wind Mountain Camp—a demonstration of world friendship as Juliette Low saw it



Photo-Art

Above: **Meeting in an informal group, these girls talk seriously about their various responsibilities as citizens of their native countries and of the world**



Photo-Art

Left: **Every meal has an international flavor at Wind Mountain. Here a Pakistan Girl Guide shows her new friends how a salad is made in her homeland**

Below: **An oxbow used by pioneers in the settling of Oregon is a source of historical information to the International Encampment delegates shown here**



Photo-Art

When Juliette Low spoke of world friendship, she talked about practical things. The founder of Girl Scouting in the United States was the kind of idealist who foresaw what *could* happen, and then proceeded to help *make* it happen. To her, world friendship was a clear, simple idea. It could be demonstrated. It could be seen in faces, and heard in voices and laughter and songs. It was just a matter of being friends with the people of the world, beyond one's own community.

Last summer's International Girl Scout Encampment, in the Cascade Mountains of southern Washington, was a practical demonstration of world friendship as Mrs. Low saw it. Ninety-seven Senior Girl Scouts and Girl Guides from fourteen countries, meeting in a pioneer camp at the foot of Wind Mountain, proved again the belief of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides the world over—that differences of background, nationality, race, religion, or cultural heritage are not barriers to friendship.

This is how it happened at Wind Mountain. On July 17, when the international campers arrived at the site on which they were to live for three weeks, a strong, warm wind was blowing up from the Columbia River gorge. It was a dry wind, and the girls knew that across the river it was fanning the flames of forest fires raging in Oregon's rich timberlands. Even before the official order came from the State Forestry Service, most of them realized that there would be no campfires until a heavy rain had soaked the woods.

Fires for cooking were the immediate problem. Since this was a pioneer camp, set up by ten teams of Senior Girl Scouts, all expert campers, from Western and Northwestern States, each unit had a well-constructed altar fireplace of earth and rocks. Under normal circumstances building fires would have been considered perfectly safe, but the tinder-dry woods and high winds made extra precautions necessary. So before the international campers could begin cooking their first evening's meal, many of the unit fireplaces had to be reconstructed.

Perhaps it was having an urgent task to accomplish that brought the group together so quickly on that opening day. There was hardly time for shyness or formalities when everyone was pitching in to haul stones or bricks, or to dig clay from a nearby stream for reinforcements.

A delegate from Brazil remembers her introduction to a delegate from North Carolina when both found themselves on their hands and knees in the stream bed. Seeing that the Brazilian girl had no pail in which to carry clay, the girl from North Carolina placed her bucket between them, saying, "Let's fill this one together and then we can both carry it. It's too heavy for one person alone."

By the end of the day the girls had rebuilt the fireplaces so that each had a brick flooring and four walls of brick and clay to insure absolute safety. By the end of that first day, too, these ninety-seven girls, who came from backgrounds almost as unlike as could be found anywhere, were well on the way to knowing each other.

The first two days of camp were full of planning for the days ahead. Each unit was busy scheduling overnight hikes and mountain climbs, discussion groups, craft projects, color ceremonies, and all the other activities they wanted to crowd into their three short weeks together. Menu planning was a main concern, as each unit was to plan all its meals within an allotted budget. A Camp Council was elected, and through it the girls began to plan their all-camp projects.

The setting of the camp was a "natural" for hikers and mountain climbers. Directly to the southwest, seeming to rise straight up from the campsite itself, was rugged, rocky Wind Mountain. Within the first week of camp, every unit had climbed to its cold, wind-swept peak. Many even started at five o'clock in the morning in order to watch the sunrise from the top. To the east, across the valley of the Wind River, was Dog Mountain, to which campers took overnight hiking trips with sleeping bags and food strapped to their backs.

From the peaks of these two mountains one could see, far to the north, snow-capped Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Adams—much to the delight of many of the campers who, coming from warmer climates, had never seen snow.

Hikes along the Columbia River shore were popular, too. Nearly every night, two or three units camped on the broad, sandy beach under the bright stars of the Pacific Northwest.

It was under these circumstances that friendships began to form. Naturally there was something of a language problem at first. English was the official language used in the camp, and in group discussions, but made-up words and sign language soon bridged the difficulties. Discussions covered subjects from the Senior programs to the United Nations, from campcrafts in the various countries to dating customs. Concrete recommendations were formulated for greater promotion of community-wide Senior planning boards and conferences, for more program activities based on the contributions of various national and cultural groups, and for increased opportunities for Girl Guides and Girl Scouts to attend international meetings. More youth interest and participation in the work of the United Nations was urged, and delegates vehemently protested the practice of expressing loose criticism, without factual knowledge, of the United Nations.

The campers were especially interested in the differences among customs and home life in the various countries. Girls from Latin America expressed surprise when United States girls talked of going out on a date alone with a boy; and the girls from this country were impressed by the closeness of family ties in Brazil, Colombia, and Costa Rica. United States delegates listened thoughtfully as representatives from Australia and The Netherlands told of the harmony among races in their homelands. It was this same lack of race consciousness that existed among the delegates themselves, whose races were Caucasian, Negro, American Indian, East Indian, Oriental, and Polynesian.

Religious differences stimulated much discussion, too. The major faiths represented were Christian, Jewish, Buddhist, and Zoroastrian, and the girls learned something of one another's beliefs from small, everyday occurrences. For instance, one evening a stick skewer, on which Nina, the delegate from Pakistan, was cooking shishkabob, caught fire. Other campers were about to blow out the flame, but Nina snuffed it out with a small stone, explaining that in the Zoroastrian faith fire has a special symbolic significance and must not be blown out with human breath.

Food preparation and eating came in for a big share of the campers' time. The unique variety of dishes from many countries and regions included *sukiyaki* from Japan, *tempera* from Hawaii, *paleau* from Pakistan, *pé de moleque* from Brazil, *tortillas* from Southwestern United States, and Canadian-style grilled salmon. An Australian delegate contributed a camp-cooking idea from her country called the "fireless cooker," in which preheated food, placed in a hot pan and surrounded by tightly packed hay, continues to cook slowly for several hours.

The regulations against open fires did not prevent all-camp "campfires," which were made of flashlights and kerosene lanterns surrounded by bundles of sticks. It was at these gatherings that delegates shared the cultural heritage of their peoples. Campers from the Philippines, Colombia, and Japan did folk dances of their countries in native costumes; Hawaiian delegates danced the



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hula; Latvian, Netherlands, and Costa Rican Guides offered songs of their homelands; delegates from Pakistan and Brazil enacted humorous scenes from the folklore of their people. At the final campfire United States delegates presented a play which dramatized the story of how the famous Lewis and Clark Expedition, led by the Indian maiden, Sacajawea, explored the country around the site of the encampment early in the nineteenth century.

Each delegate to the international encampment, selected because she was an outstanding representative of Girl Scouting or Girl Guiding in her country or region, contributed something of her own background to the life of the camp. By the end of the encampment, differences in background seemed to have lost almost all significance. They remained matters of interest, true, but in the bond of friendship that had grown among these girls, they discovered that their likeness as human beings was far greater than their differences of nationality, race, faith, and culture.

Juliette Low, whose birthday anniversary will be celebrated this month by all the Girl Scouts of the United States, knew that this discovery was the most important step toward world friendship. And she knew that it could happen anywhere, just as it happened at Wind Mountain.

THE END

INDIAN MOONS

by CRAVEN GRIFFITH



OCTOBER

FALLING-LEAF MOON

October, Moon of Falling Leaves
Softly now the night wind grieves
Yet its gentle, thoughtless sighing
Sends them lifting, drifting, flying
Red and gold the pattern weaves
October, Moon of Falling Leaves.

The American Indians used to, and in some tribes still do, identify their months by moons. Each moon was given a name and a symbol. These names and symbols were really meaningful to the Indians, because they described something about nature and the out-of-doors that was important in their lives. Names of the moons varied among the different tribes. For October, the name adopted and approved by the American Indian Association as being most nearly correct and most widely used is "Falling-Leaf Moon." October was also known as "Traveling Moon" by some tribes.

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Books

(*Continued from page 3*)

ous older sister Madeleine, who had disowned her family and renounced her name, be able to keep her secret? Though loving, faithful Jo was beset by so many problems, she had her full share of fun and good times, with two attractive young men vying for her attention. In ways different from her dreams, she was able to help her brother and sisters, to achieve a sense of belonging to her foster family, and to face the future with confidence. Although the work of the Department of Child Welfare and of Alcoholics Anonymous comes into this novel, which honestly recognizes that there is a seamier side to life which makes it necessary for some young people to deal with problems more serious than a new formal or a date for the prom, the story is a happy one.

Linda Clayton. By MARJORIE HALL WILLIAM. *Sloane Associates, $2.50.* Do you take to facts and figures like a duck to water? Do you have the sort of passion for accuracy that delights in checking and double checking? Then you will discover a kindred spirit in practical, determined Linda Clayton, who had steered her course through college with an unwavering eye on New York and a job in "research." What is research; how is it handled; what goes on in the research departments of advertising agencies, publishing houses, industrial firms; what ends do the findings of the researchers serve and how valuable is their contribution? You will learn the answers to all this in the story of Linda's experience in finding and keeping the job she wanted, adjusting to living alone in a small apartment in a big city, getting along with other ambitious young people both socially and in business.

McCall's Complete Book of Dressmaking. By MARIAN COREY. *Greystone Press, $3.95.* This new, complete guide to practical professional dressmaking should interest the fifty-two thousand of you who bought AMERICAN GIRL patterns last year, as well as all Girl Scouts working on their Good Grooming, Design, Needlecraft, and Sewing badges. Of course the book is a little more expensive than fiction, but it is a good-looking volume that will make a handy reference book for years to come or a good buy for a troop library. The whole field of selecting and making becoming, appropriate clothes is well covered—what colors, fabrics, styles, and patterns to choose for your particular type; how to alter patterns to fit; how to cut, baste, fit, alter, sew, and finish. The directions are so simple and clear, so generously illustrated with over seven hundred step-by-step illustrations that the beginner can easily follow them. And, at the same time, there are so many professional pointers that the expert will also find the book valuable. The encyclopedia of practical dressmaking and the complete ready-reference index, also included, give simple, illustrated explanations of every detail you need to know to make suits, coats, or dresses. THE END

If you are interested in books reviewed on this page and you cannot find copies at your local bookstore, you may order from the publishers in care of the magazine. Please make checks or money orders payable to the publisher, not to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

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Teen-Ager . . . Colombian Style

(Continued from page 15)

cultural traditions of an old one like Bogota.

Both girls work hard in school but that's not the whole of their life by any means. They have a lot of fun when school is over. Girls of Spanish background are always well chaperoned in Colombia, as in most of the South American countries. Carmen goes to no dances or mixed gatherings without her parents or her seventeen-year-old brother, Arturo. Arturo takes as strict care of her as if he were her father. However, because they have many American friends with modern ways, even girls like Carmen have more freedom than the sheltered girls of Bogota, Medellín, and the other inland cities.

As for Nancy, she, too, adapts herself. Because she wants to keep the respect and liking of her Colombian friends and their parents, she watches her behavior carefully and sacrifices some of her American tomboy habits in order to approach the dignity and femininity of her Colombian friends.

Dances for these teen-agers are either private parties at their own homes or carefully chaperoned parties at the Country Club. There are parties the year round, of course, but life is especially gay in the Carnival season before Lent. A Colombian girl is apt to get her first orchid corsage for one of these dances long before an American girl dreams of getting one. In Medellín orchids grow happily out-of-doors, and on the streets of that city you can buy the purple cattleyas (five dollars each in New York) for fifteen cents; they are flown to Barranquilla in cellophane boxes with their stems in little phials of water, and there you can buy two for a dollar and a half.

At Colombian parties in private houses, instead of the boys bringing the girls the refreshments, the reverse is true. At the table men are served first! Though it might be hard to believe that any orchestra could make more noise than the modern American dance band in full blast, the Colombians, with their gourd maracas (rattles), plus trumpets and saxophones, succeed in doing so. The Colombian *bambuca* is now following the Argentine tango, the Cuban rumba, and the Brazilian carioca to America. Like the other South American dances, Colombian *bambucas*, *raspas*, and *borros* are rich in Indian and Negro rhythms. Nancy and Carmen have both learned these Colombian dances. They have picked up Colombian songs from the radio.

Moving pictures play as important a part in the life of Colombian girls as they do in the United States, but girls do not go alone with boys. They never go anywhere alone with boys! If girls who are allowed to go to movies together unchaperoned on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon should find boys they know in the audience, they are on their honor not to join them. In the twenty or so moving-picture houses of Barranquilla, including several open-air ones, Hollywood pictures are favorites. Colombia makes no moving pictures, but many Mexican and Argentinian films are shown and are not as expensive as the North American ones.

Among other sports, swimming is by far the most popular. In the muggy rainy season which lasts from April to December, when books and clothes and shoes mildew, it is the only way to cool off; and the pools of the Country Club, the Hotel Del Prado, and the Municipal Pool are full of swimmers of all ages. These pools are a cool dark green with water cascading in as a broad waterfall. In these pools, boys and girls meet as informally as they would in the States, but there is no mingling afterward.

For sea bathing the beach resort of Puerto Colombia (the old steamship harbor for Barranquilla before the modern dredging of the mouth of the Magdalena River) is only twelve miles away. Carmen envies Nancy because her father lets her practice driving the car when they go there. Conditions will have to change much more before Carmen can even dream of such a privilege. There, at Puerto Colombia, Carmen's family has a beach cottage as ultramodern as any in the United States, designed by a young Colombian architect in the family.

During the rainy season the ocean is almost too warm, but in the breezy winter months, it is delicately refreshing. And what a gay, inviting spot Puerto Colombia is! Coconut palms wave in front of the green lawns. Bougainvillaea in all shades, from white to crimson, covers the walls and cottages. Yachts dance over the water. Speedboats race across the harbor, towing aquaplanes. In the distance a reef of islands keeps the beach and swimmers safe from sharks and barracuda. Carmen and Nancy never get tired of week ends there.

The two girls' homes in the Barranquilla suburbs are charming and colorful, too. Like the other houses in the new development known as the Prado (Meadow) the houses in which Carmen and Nancy live have a striking beauty characteristic of modern Colombian architecture. Some houses are white, but many are soft pinks, yellows, blues, and greens. With their red roofs against the blue sky, and gay flowering vines, they are a handsome sight.

Inside they are cool and spacious. The floors are made of tiles—black and white, red, yellow, or green. Arched openings lead from room to room. Often openwork cement grilles are inserted into the walls to let the breezes through. There are bright chintzes and modern bamboo or wicker furniture, and also fine pieces of native mahogany, handmade in the local factories. Though Colombian silver is not as famous as that of Peru or Mexico, beautiful work is done, and every house gleams with silver trays, tea sets, old chocolate pitchers, and ash trays.

In the patio, fountains or fern grottoes, with little shrines, add to the coolness. In the garden, roses blossom all through the year. Carmen has a cage of parakeets hanging under a jasmine vine. Sometimes an iguana, a handsome and harmless giant lizard with crested back and black-and-yellow striped tail, intrudes from a vacant lot. (Iguana eggs are for sale in all Colombian markets.)

Between the airy suburbs of the Prado, with its tree-lined boulevards, and the congested downtown section, there is a great contrast. Cars, buses, and taxis squeeze by each other with far more speed than in the States. Horns shriek continuously. Street vendors with shrill voices peddle oranges and grapefruit. Among the first souvenirs of Colombia that Nancy bought were an alligator belt and sandals to match.

When Nancy first arrived in Barranquilla and told Carmen she would like to visit the big public market, Carmen looked horrified. "We *never* go," she answered. "It is crowded and filthy. The cook always does

our marketing so it is not necessary to go."

Fortunately for Nancy, her mother was as curious to see the market as she was, so one Saturday morning they accompanied their cook, Elena, when she went to get fruit, vegetables, meat, and fish for the next few days. Down the center of the immense covered market ran the little stalls of the marketwomen. Beans, cabbage, cauliflower, onions, tomatoes, lettuce, beets, carrots, avocados, yams—all the familiar vegetables and many new ones like platanos and yuca root were for sale. There were also rice, dried beans, and corn meal. Around the edges of the vegetable stalls tiny shops sold cheap, attractive shoes, "Panama" hats, and other articles of clothing. In the poultry market every hen, duck, and turkey was still alive and would be carried home head down to be killed or fattened. Along a nearby canal, a row of shops sold parrots, parakeets, blue honey creepers, quail, wild canaries, and beautiful black-and-gold *turpials*. Nancy had to admit that Carmen was right when she said the market was crowded and filthy; still, it had been far too interesting to miss.

When Nancy flew from Miami to Barranquilla, it was her first flight, but she found that flying was an old story to Carmen. All the traveling Carmen had ever done to visit her Colombian relatives—except for one wonderful trip by paddle-wheel boat down the Magdalena River—had been by the Colombian airlines.

"If you could see the snow-capped ranges we flew over," she explained, "you'd understand quickly enough why it's easier to fly around Colombia than to build roads or railroads!"

Carmen and Nancy often talk about their future. Nancy will probably go through her high school years at some boarding school in the United States. After that, her plans have been, as far back as she can remember, to go to college and get a job. Carmen will go to a convent in Barranquilla or Bogota for her high school work. She had never thought of any career except marriage until she met Nancy. Now she is beginning to think that college and a job might be more interesting than sitting at home waiting for a husband.

Often she wishes that she could take advantage of all the new, interesting jobs opening up to modern Colombian girls. What fun it would be, for instance, to be a stewardess on Avianca or one of the other national airlines! Sometimes she thinks she would like to go to one of the commercial colleges and learn typing and stenography. Nancy is going to study typing in the summer vacation. Perhaps Carmen's father will let her, too. And then, even if he will not permit her to go to school or college in the United States, perhaps she can persuade him to let her go to the National University of Bogota. She is beginning to realize that her country is a curious mixture of progress and poverty; that to increase the progress and decrease the poverty and illiteracy, her own generation must help with modern ideas and education.

As for Nancy, when the time comes for her to go back to the United States, she will have unforgettable impressions of her Colombian years. She will remember the soft tropical air, the week ends at Puerto Colombia, the swimming pools after school, the haunting Colombian music, the click of maracas, the gay, bright houses splashed with bougainvillaea. But above all she will remember her Colombian friends—like herself in so many ways, and at the same time so different.

THE END

Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department? There's terrific interest in this feature of the magazine. Hundreds of entries are flooding in, from all over the country. Do keep sending them each month—but be sure to follow the rules exactly, if you want your entry considered.

Readers under eighteen years of age may send entries. Only material never before published will be considered.

SHORT STORIES

Any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

POEMS

Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

NONFICTION

Almost any type of nonfiction—description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words. Suggested subject for February, 1952—VALENTINES.

DRAWINGS

Any subject. Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". WARNING: Wrap carefully! Drawings that are smudged, creased, or otherwise damaged will not be considered.

Rules

1. Entries for the February, 1952, issue must be mailed on or before November 1, 1951. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.
2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted (for stories and nonfiction).

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.
4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.
5. All manuscripts and drawings submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

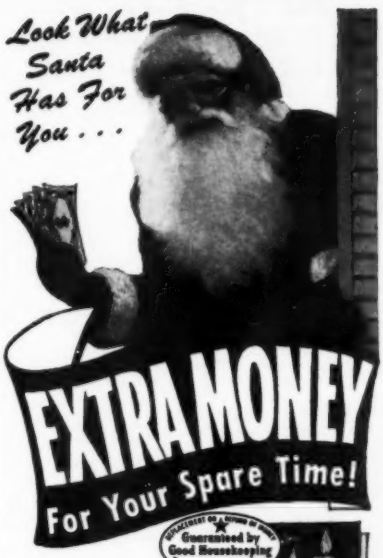
AWARDS

Awards will be made for all material published: for contributions that, in the opinion of the judges, merit top award, $10 will be given; for all others published, an award of $5 will be given.

Each month we will also publish a list of those contributors whose work is worthy of Honorable Mention. No cash awards will be made for these Honorable Mentions.

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Morningside of the Mountain—Tommy Edwards (MGM)
My Magic Heart—Howard Keel (MGM)
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Shanghai—Buddy Morrow (Victor)
Unless—Guy Mitchell (Columbia)
Waltz of the Wind—Bill Hayes (MGM)
What Will I Tell My Heart—Paul Weston (Columbia)
Wind is a Woman—Ezio Pinza (Victor)
Wondrous Word—Billy Williams (MGM)

Perhaps there is no more romantic or exciting music than that played and sung by the gypsies as they wandered on their many travels through Europe. Gay and abandoned or warmly sentimental, this music, often played by the haunting violin, is reminiscent of campfires and woods, or candlelight and a dark-eyed fiddler. Such beloved pieces as "Two Guitars" and "Dark Eyes" are old gypsy airs and are included in the MGM album of that name recorded by Harry Horlick and his Orchestra. Mischa Novy, of gypsy parentage himself, has also recorded with his string orchestra a delightfully authentic album of gypsy music, entitled "Velvet Strings." (MGM).

The lure of Bohemian music was felt by the classical composer, Johannes Brahms, who wrote twenty-one "Hungarian Dances" based on the enchanting gypsy songs he had heard on his travels through Hungary. Arthur Fiedler conducts the Boston Pops Orchestra in numbers one to six of Brahms' famous "Hungarian Dances" on a Victor label.

If you still listen eagerly to the adventures of the Lone Ranger, you'll want to hear Decca's release, on four records, of the Lone Ranger's story. The set includes the tales of how he came to be the champion of the Old West—how he met "his faithful Indian companion, Tonto,"—how he found Silver—and an exciting adventure besides! Good fun and interesting listening for the whole family!

Two bright new scores from current musical plays have been recorded for your enjoyment. Columbia offers the complete musical score from the popular show, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," featuring Shirley Booth and Johnny Johnston and the rest of the original Broadway cast. Numbers you'll particularly like in this album are "Make the Man Love Me," "Look Who's Dancing," and "I'll Buy You a Star."

The other album is "Show Boat," recorded from the sound track of MGM's recent picture starring Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner, and Howard Keel. The old favorites by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II are as charming as ever. You'll remember "Make Believe," "Ol' Man River" (sung in a really fine manner by William Warfield) and "Why Do I Love You?"

In the "good listening" department are four top candidates for your approval. Victor's "Pop Concert Favorites" by the Three Suns includes such instrumentals as "Fiddle Faddle," "Jealousy," and "Hora Staccato." . . . True blue-mood music is Morton Gould's "Manhattan Moods" which incorporates the best of the blues with the glamour of the big city, plus Gould's talented arranging. (Columbia) . . . The whispering night in Chopin's "Nocturnes" is captured and dramatized by the skillful pianist, Maryla Jonas, to provide music for your reveries. (Columbia). . . . When three musicians, each master of a different instrument, combine their talents on a single record, the result is certain to be both impressive and superb. Tchaikovsky's only trio, "Trio in A Minor," has been recorded for Victor with Artur Rubinstein (the dominant member of the trio) at the piano, Gregor Piatigorsky playing the cello, and Jascha Heifetz, the violin. With fine records such as these, you can enjoy a concert hour in your own living room with the world's finest artists playing just for you!

As a postscript to the ballet suggestions in the May *Music Stand*, do add Khatchaturian's "Gayne Ballet Suite," which features the lively "Sabre Dance." You can fairly hear the horses racing across the plains and see the spirited Russian folk dances of years ago! Animated and pulsating, this suite is a new adventure in music.

Newsy Notes:

New singing sensation is MGM's Tommy Edwards whose style resembles Nat Cole's . . . Miss Hue Lee's record in Chinese of "Rose, Rose, I Love You" is very interesting and has its own quality of beauty (Columbia) . . . The polkas are becoming popular again! Hear "Pretty Polly Polka" played for MGM by Leroy Holmes and Orch. . . . The new Coral Record Company has such featured artists as Les Brown and his Band . . . Eddy Howard in person is just as pleasant as he is on records . . . The Railroad Hour, heard Monday evenings on NBC and featuring Gordon MacRae, offers delightful interpretations of light opera and favorite operettas. THE END

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The Boathouse Mystery *(Continued from page 19)*

patients who lived in the country, who might take Nero. But the conclusion was always the same; what practical-minded farmer would accept the care of a turkey which could not be used for food?

"Why not take him back to Wes Slater's?" Mike suggested. "It's only a half-hour's walk each way to feed him, and I'll help."

It seemed the only solution, and Gail decided to return Nero that very night.

"I'm going out that way anyhow," she said. "With the juniors, you know." Her mother, who knew all about the boathouse and canteen, nodded.

After dinner, Mike took down the runway wire, and begged to go along to Wes', asking who would put the wire up there if he didn't. Gail finally said that he could go if he would come straight home afterward and not consider he had the privilege of spending the whole evening with her.

So they walked up the street, Gail wheeling the carriage, Mike walking alongside, carrying the rolls of wire and clothesline. They had not gone far before Dick overtook them. After a cool, stiff greeting, he walked along in gloomy silence. Gail felt sunk.

Trudy, Dick, Bill, and three other male juniors were waiting at the end of Maple Street. They looked at Mike and Nero in open displeasure.

Gail explained where they were going, and why, assuring them that Mike would in no way interfere with their plans. He was merely going to help her get Nero settled, and then would go back home.

They all started out together, following the highway a short distance, then turning into the road through the woods.

"Why are we walking in the dark when we have flashlights?" Mike asked.

"Don't talk, just keep your eyes open," Gail whispered.

"A lot of good that does, in the dark!" Mike complained. "And why are you whispering and stopping every two seconds?"

"Please, Mike, don't talk so loud. We're listening. Just—just—in general."

But it was probably foolish, she told herself. The woods were quieter than she had ever known them to be.

At the fork, Gail and Mike turned left toward Wes', the others to the right toward the boathouse.

In a few minutes the hulk of the dark, shuttered house rose before Gail and Mike. For the first time Gail used her flashlight for a moment, to show Mike where to put the hook on the house. Mike found a ladder and was climbing up when, from the field west of the house, there came a shot. Mike clung there frozen, as if he had been shot.

For a moment, Gail stood there in the darkness, goose-pimply all over. There suddenly came a noise, as of feet crashing through dead leaves. Someone fleeing, she thought, frantically wondering what she and her brother should do. There was a strange sound, too, a cross between a snort and the honk of a goose. And then silence. The feet had stopped. Then they started up again.

"If we could only see something!" Gail whispered, peering around the house. It was awful, not knowing what was out there in the darkness or how close it was.

And then she gasped. For a searchlight slowly began to beam a ray of light around and around the field west of the house. Then it concentrated upon one spot. There came a shot, and another. The light moved forward. And Gail understood!

"Deer!" she exclaimed under her breath. "Somebody's stalking deer out of season!"

It was illegal, even in deer season, to stalk deer with lights, because they rendered the animals helpless. They would turn their heads toward the light and their eyes would shine like fire, making perfect targets.

The light was out, now, and there were no voices, only a terrific hush. But Gail was sure there must be two men there, one to hold the searchlight, the other to shoot. They must be taking advantage of Wes' absence to shoot deer on his land. Was one of them the man who had been prowling about the boathouse? He had had a bright light, too. Could they be storing deer in that padlocked room at the boathouse?

"Mike, we must warn the others!" she said in an urgent whisper.

The others had gone to the boathouse to find out what was in that padlocked room. They would be on guard, of course, but these men, with their penetrating searchlight, could single out anyone, even as far away as the boathouse. They would certainly not let themselves be caught red-handed in illegal business. Gail realized that the juniors had become involved in a serious and dangerous undertaking. Her heart thudded at the thought of walking through the woods to the boathouse, but she would have to warn the rest of what she suspected.

She and Mike wheeled the turkey into the wagon shed, let him out of his cage, and closed the door. They would have to come back later and put up the runway wire.

"I'll go to the boathouse," Gail whispered, as they went through the woods.

(Continued on page 57)



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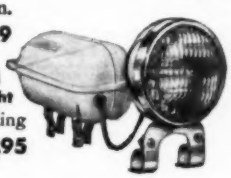
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Jokes

DAMPENER

SMARTY: After rain falls, when does it get up again?

PROFESSOR: In dew time, my boy, in dew time.

Sent by SUE WILLIAMS, *Atlanta, Georgia*

LONG-SUFFERING

FATHER (to daughter's boy friend): She'll be right down in the longest minute you ever spent.

Sent by CORAL JEAN McNUTT, *Anadarko, Oklahoma*

SO THERE!

JOHNNY: What makes the new baby at your house cry so much, Nancy?

NANCY (indignantly): It doesn't cry so very much—and anyway, if all your teeth were out, and your hair was off, and your legs were so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd cry, too!

Sent by SUZY BARTHOLOMEW, *Western Springs, Illinois*

TEMPER, TEMPER!

PATIENT (in hospital): Nurse, may I have a drink of water?

NURSE: Are you thirsty?

PATIENT: No, I just want to see if my throat leaks.

Sent by CARO WOOLLEY, *Glastonbury, Connecticut*

DIAMETRICALLY SPEAKING

JILL: What is the difference between the North and South Poles?

JIM: All the difference in the world.

Sent by MARIANNE PETERSON, *Lamesa, Texas*

FANCY WRAPPING

A lady asked a stingy citizen for a contribution to the Community Chest drive. He held out a dime and a dollar bill.

"Which one do you want?" he asked.

"My mother always told me to take the smallest," the lady replied sweetly, as she picked up the dime. "And I'll just take this piece of paper to wrap it up in," she continued, picking up the dollar bill.

Sent by BETTY ROSE SETARO, *Vicksburg, Mississippi*

WITHOUT A DOUBT

A candidate for the police force was asked:

"If you were by yourself in a car, and were being pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing forty miles an hour on a lonely road, what would you do?"

"Fifty," promptly replied the candidate.

Sent by CAROL McSWEENEY, *Wellesley, Massachusetts*

IT HAS A HORN

BOY: What gives more milk than a cow?

GIRL: Two cows!

BOY: Wrong! A milk truck.

Sent by PHYLLIS GOLDMAN, *Chicago, Illinois*

DIPLOMAS ATTACHED

LITTLE GIRL: I'd like some eggs, please.

GROCER: High-grade eggs, first-grade eggs, or second-grade eggs?

LITTLE GIRL: I think I'd rather have some that have graduated, please.

Sent by KATHLEEN TRAPP, *Beaver Dam, Wisconsin*

SIMPLE ADDITION

ROBERTA: Why is B like a fire?

ROBERT: I give up.

ROBERTA: Because it makes oil boil.

Sent by CLAIRE WOODCOCK, *Haddonfield, New Jersey*

FRUITY

TEACHER: If I give you two apples, three pears, four oranges, and one pineapple, what would you have?

PUPIL: Fruit salad.

Sent by JUDY NICHOLS, *Phoenix, Arizona*

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"Listen, Esther, you love Ted, Ted loves me, I love Dick, and Dick loves you—what's complicated about that?"

The Boathouse Mystery

(Continued from page 55)

"You go straight to Andy Hutchens." (Andy was the chief of police.) "Tell him what we've seen. He'll know what to do. He'll probably call the game warden. Have them come to the boathouse, right away. Understand?"

Briefly she told Mike what the juniors had discovered, impressing it upon him that he was the only one outside of the class who knew. And he was not to tell a soul except Andy Hutchens.

"Boy, oh boy!" Mike whispered. "You can count on me!" As they parted at the fork, he said, "You sit tight. I can run like lightning, once I get to the highway."

It was pitch-dark in the woods, but Gail headed for the boathouse without using her flashlight. Every tree seemed ready to jump out at her. The quiet was so intense that it sent cold shivers up and down her back; her forehead felt damp with perspiration.

Finally she saw the stretch of lake ahead and dashed down the incline. The boathouse seemed deserted. Had everyone gone?

"Sssst!" she hissed. "It's Gail."

From around the corner of the boathouse came Joe Kinney's whisper, "Gee, I didn't know who you were!"

"Where is everybody?" Gail whispered. "I have news."

"Maybe you think *we* haven't!" Joe said, leading the way up the outside stairway.

Everyone, except Joe who had been posted as guard, was upstairs. Someone had brought canvas and covered the windows overlooking the lake so no light could get out. Over by the coal heap the boys had sawed across three floor boards in two places, and taken them up, making a hole large enough for a man to go through. By the light of their flashlights they had looked down into the small locked room.

"Guess what's down there!"

"Deer!" answered Gail promptly, to everyone's amazement.

The room held thirteen hog-dressed deer. Joe explained that meant insides removed and the hide still on. The hunter or hunters had probably chopped the holes in the ice to dispose of the insides of the deer there.

Excitedly Gail told about the men stalking deer near Wes' house, and that Mike was on his way now to the police and would bring them to the boathouse.

"Boy, that was quick thinking, Gail!" complimented Bill. When the rest of the group echoed his praise, Gail noticed that Dick alone remained silent.

In low, guarded tones, they discussed what to do next. Should they stay where they were and wait for the police? To go outdoors now would be foolish, they decided, for just one lucky flick of a hunter's searchlight and they would be prime targets.

Joe said, "I don't think they'll cut straight down through the woods. They'll probably hug the shore, keep in the shadow of the trees along the bank. Did you ever try to drag a deer through the woods?"

No one had, but Joe assured them it was no easy matter. The men would probably tie the deer's feet together he said, then tie the feet to a pole. With the pole on their shoulders, they would carry the deer down through the field to the lake.

"They'll have easy going over the ice," Joe said. "Maybe they will drag the deer on canvas so as not to leave a trail."



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The juniors waited in the dark, gathered around the open door, all eyes on the white surface of the lake. It was bitter cold and the next half hour seemed the length of a whole night.

"Are you sure you didn't dream up this whole thing?" Dick asked Gail. It was the first remark he had directed to her.

Again they waited, eyes upon the lake below, ears strained to the slightest noise. Finally, they detected faint sounds of stealthy movement. Would it be the police or the hunters? They hardly dared breathe. But it was Mike with the chief of police, Andy Hutchens, and three other policemen. The game warden, Andy explained, thought that the hunters might try to get more deer before coming to the boathouse. Wes' property, not having been hunted for years, must harbor many deer. So he and several assistant wardens were searching the woods.

The police lowered two of their men into the padlocked room to nab the hunters when they entered. Andy and the third policeman remained with the juniors. They waited. No sign of anyone. Then suddenly they heard a series of raucous, piercing shrieks.

"That crazy turkey!" exclaimed Dick.

"Maybe not so crazy!" Gail said. Someone had probably tried to sneak into the wagon shed where they had left Nero, she surmised. Could it be the men with the deer?

A moment later the warden's whistle shrilled from up near Wes'. "He's got 'em," Andy said. "Up at Wes', sounds like. You kids stay here until we see what's going on. If I whistle, get Sam and Jerry from down there and come up to the house."

Impatiently the boys and girls waited, and when the whistle came, Bill went down to tell the policemen in the padlocked room, and the others crashed through the woods toward Wes', this time using their flashlights freely. At the house they found Andy Hutchens and the game warden questioning two surly-looking men.

"For crying out loud!" exclaimed Joe Kinney. "That's Flint Harper and his uncle Martin. Neighbors of mine!"

Before he left with his prisoners, the chief of police told the juniors the story. Flint and Martin Harper admitted taking deer illegally from their own land and their neighbors'. They had been carrying on a rather extensive business, selling venison to a dealer in Philadelphia. When Wes had broken his leg, they had taken over the boathouse, and after Wes had gone to California they had begun to hunt Wes' land, too.

Nero was strutting about importantly, dragging his clothesline leash after himself, tangling his legs in it, angrily squawking at his predicament. Gail untangled him and he clucked his appreciation.

"It was this bird that did the trick!" The game warden pointed to Nero. He and his men had been stationed in various places, he explained. "But the first screech I heard, I was onto the deal. You see, I know what a watchdog this bird was for Wes Slater!"

Flint and Martin had broken into the wagon shed, hoping to find grain for baiting some deer they had seen, but which had fled at the sound of their gun. Of course, Nero had attacked them. Flint's hand was still bleeding from the bite the turkey had taken of it, and Martin's face was scratched.

The chief of police handcuffed Flint and Martin, listing the many counts against them: stealing, trespassing, illegal deer trade.

Then he turned to the juniors, and after complimenting them on their courage and alertness, and thanking them for their part in the night's business, he said, "Seems to me you folks could collect the reward for apprehending these trespassers. It's one bill Wes would probably be glad to pay."

The juniors, who had been listening wide-eyed to the explanations, now came to life. Bill said he didn't think they should ask for any reward. After all, they had the boathouse. And the others agreed.

"Well, so long," said the police officer, leading the captured men away.

"I'm surprised," the game warden said, "that Wes would leave his turkey like this."

"But he didn't!" Gail said, and explained her bargain with Wes, and the discovery that Nero did not fit into town life.

Nero was parading about, ruffling up his feathers and clucking happily.

"I wouldn't mind keeping you myself, Nero," said the game warden.

"Oh, *would* you like to have him?" Gail asked excitedly.

"Nothing doing!" said Dick, so quickly and indignantly that it almost took Gail's breath away. "That bird belongs to us juniors. He solved the boathouse mystery for us, and—and—" He looked Nero in the eye, adding, "You old buzzard! You're going to be the juniors' watchdog—their mascot!"

Then he turned to Gail.

"If you don't mind," he said.

"Mind!" echoed Gail.

She had no chance to say more, for the juniors had risen to the occasion. Gail might technically have the responsibility of the turkey, but the class would pledge assistance.

"Well, so long," said the game warden, "and thanks again."

"Boy, oh boy!" exclaimed Mike. "Things sure have happened."

"We've just had a narrow escape," Dick said in a low voice to Gail. He could mean anything, she thought, even that their friendship had had a narrow escape. More loudly, he said, "We'd have been a bunch of saps to have let Gail give this bird to the warden! Let a bird with his sense of the dramatic slip through our fingers. What a mascot he'll make." Then he turned back to Gail. "I'm walking home with you and Mike," he said.

"Boy, oh boy!" Gail thought. "Things sure *have* happened!" THE END

Beginning in November

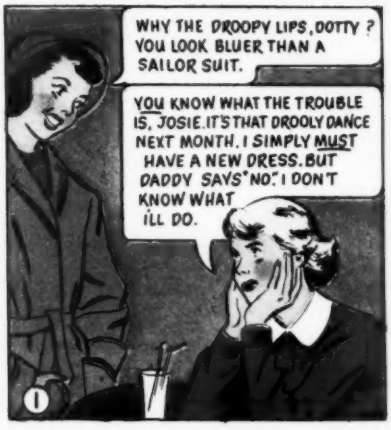
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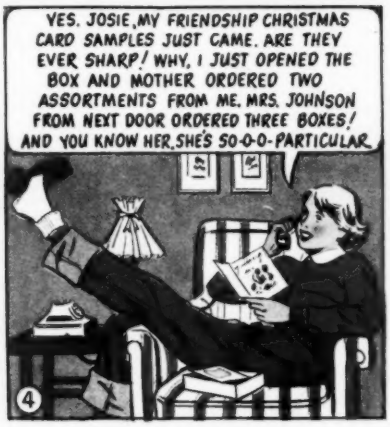
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